HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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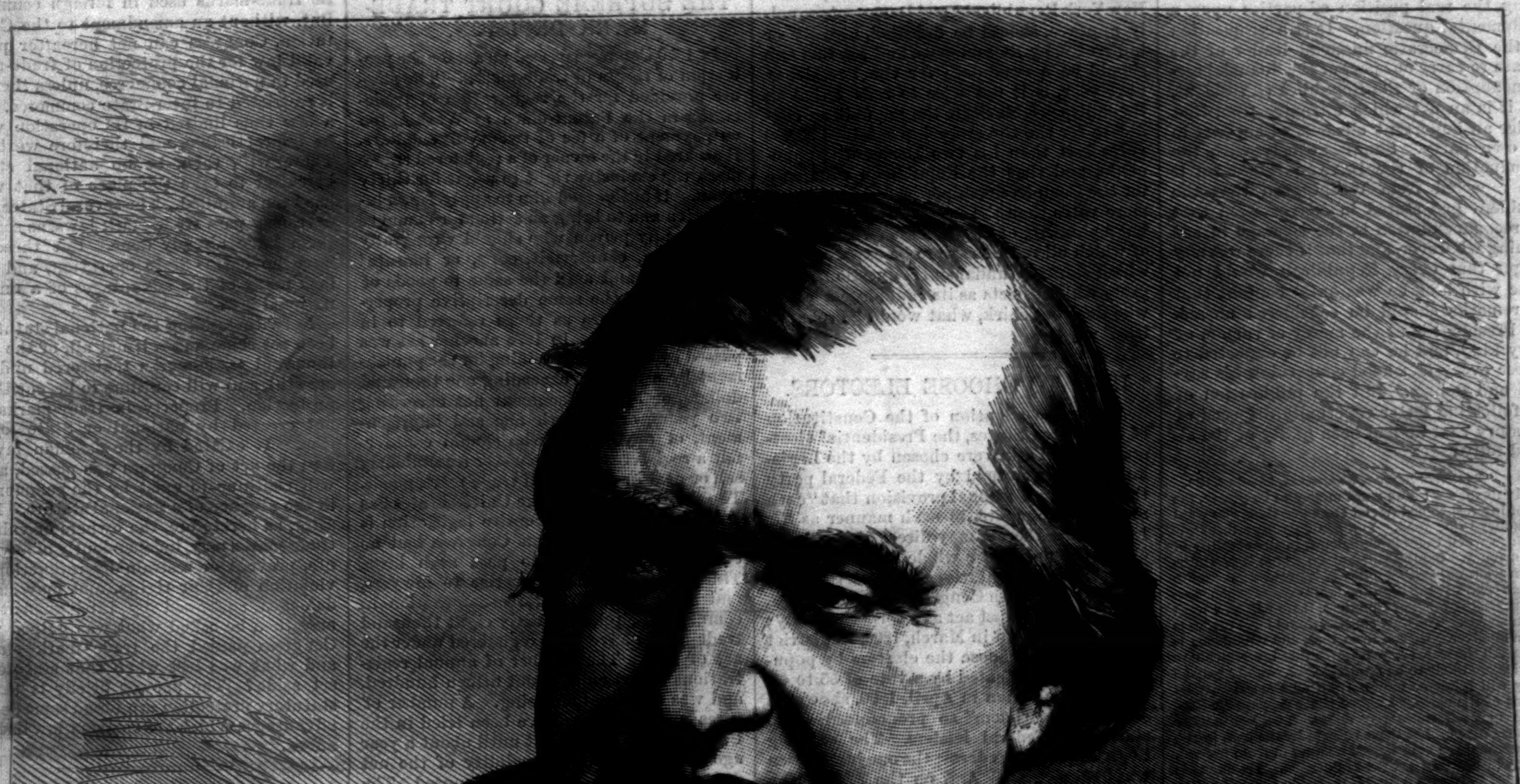


M. ERNEST RENAN.—[See Page 1002.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1879.

☞ *With this issue of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *our readers will receive the seventh Number of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *containing another installment of* GEORGE MACDONALD'S *story, with an illustration by* FREDERICKS, *and other interesting stories, pictures, etc., for young readers.*

The Christmas issue of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent out with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY. *It will be a beautiful and attractive journal of Sixteen Pages, richly illustrated, and containing a great variety of interesting reading matter.*

THE OPENING OF THE SESSION.

THE only important event of the first week of the session was the introduction of Mr. BAYARD'S resolution for the repeal of the legal-tender quality of the Treasury notes. This was upon his part a prompt and courageous act, although it is but a step, and it will be of great service in defining the real position of parties upon a fundamental question. It is a proposition by the Democratic financial leader of the Senate to carry out part of the financial recommendation of the Republican President, and it is an act which alienates from that leader an important element of support in his own party. Simultaneously with the introduction of the BAYARD resolution it was reported from Washington that the President had stated in conversation that his recommendation in the Message meant nothing whatever, and that if there was any danger that every Republican would not agree with him, he was quite content that his remarks should be considered unsaid. The President is at the mercy of rumors of every kind, and he can not be expected to expose every falsehood concerning his sayings and doings. But the publication of the following letter effectually disposed of the story that he had been guilty of the alleged folly:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, *December* 4, 1879.

"MY DEAR ——: You want money to be plenty, the rate of interest to be low; at the same time, you want the money to be good. You can only have this state of things when there is confidence in the stability of the currency. Capital will not go where it is uncertain in what currency debts will be paid next month or next year. If the legal tender for debts depends on the uncertain action of Congress, there will be a want of confidence. The only constitutional legal tender is gold and silver. Depart from that, and confidence is gone. All the world now believes that investments in America are likely to be profitable. A sound financial policy will bring us money from all the commercial nations of the earth. In good times prepare for hard times; in good times pay debts. The legal-tender notes are debts. Let them be paid by the coin in the Treasury and the coin that is coming in from abroad, and it will not contract the circulation. Let our ship be headed in the right direction. It is a sound policy which has brought good times; the same policy will continue good times. Sincerely, R. B. HAYES."

While thus the Republican President and Secretary of the Treasury are in accord with the Democratic financial chief in the Senate, a memorial to Congress in favor of the passage of the resolution has been signed by an imposing array of business houses and capitalists in the city of New York—men who represent and conduct the great enterprises upon whose prosperity the employment and welfare of thousands and thousands of persons depend. At the same time, also, on the other hand, Mr. BAYARD has been sharply denounced by a considerable body of the Democratic press, while a Republican Representative from Illinois—Mr. PRICE—and the Democratic Senator VOORHEES from Indiana, have introduced resolutions deprecating discussion or action upon the subject. Nothing probably will be done before the holiday recess; but it is evident that here is a real question upon which neither of the two great parties has any distinct position. We observe that one Republican is reported to have said in an interview that the President is undoubtedly right, and that Mr. BAYARD'S resolution is perfectly sound, but that all Republicans do not think so, and therefore, "as all reforms are to be expected from the Republican party," it was better to say nothing upon the subject. Hitherto, however, reforms have not succeeded by agreeing to say nothing about them. The opponents of a sound policy are quite as likely to make good use of a prudent silence as its friends, and if, when the proposed future hour of action comes, they should carry the decision the other way, what becomes of the postulate that reforms are to be expected from the Republican party? We share that expectation, but we are very sure that no reform is to be expected of a party which is afraid of the first step of reform.

The people, as usual, are wiser than the politicians. The only practicable test of public opinion upon a question of this kind is the elections, and the result in Maine, and notably in Ohio, shows that there is no unwillingness to stand upon the simple and constitutional ground indicated by the President. The uncertainty in regard to the value of the currency produces fluctuation in prices, and this inevitably paralyzes enterprise, and with it industry. The whole country needs a stable currency, and the interest of every pursuit and industry is to obtain it. It should not be made a party question, because party spirit, like every strong passion, is stronger than reason. It is very fortunate, therefore, that it is one of the most respected Democratic leaders who unites with the President in urging a measure looking to the stability and consequent confidence which are now the important object. The Democratic Senator WADE HAMPTON, of South Carolina, warmly supports Senator BAYARD. There is probably no New England Republican Senator who does not also support him. In this situation, therefore, it is well to reflect as Republicans that New York is the indispensable State next year, and that New York, both Republican and Democratic, is resolutely for a stable currency. If, then, the resolution of Mr. BAYARD, carrying out the recommendations of the President, which New York Republicans and Democrats equally approve, should be defeated, directly or indirectly, by Republicans, and Mr. BAYARD should be a candidate for the Presidency next year, is it not wise to reflect that in the indispensable State the Republican candidate for the Governorship received 35,000 votes less than his two Democratic opponents, and that the Republican candidate for the Comptrollership, who received 20,000 more votes than the head of the ticket, had but a plurality of 6000? As between a party of which all reforms are to be expected, but which shirks a fundamental question, and a party which selects as its candidate a leader who does not shirk, what would "Probabilities" say?

HOW TO CHOOSE ELECTORS.

AFTER the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, the Presidential electors in New York were chosen by the Legislature. It was held by the Federal party that the constitutional provision that "each State shall appoint in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct a number of electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in Congress," etc., indicated that the State must act as a corporate body; and a proposition in March, 1800, to district the State, and choose the electors by popular vote, was defeated by a vote of 55 to 47. The State election in April, 1800, showed a Jeffersonian "boom" so pronounced as to alarm the Federal leaders. The existing Legislature was Federal; the one just chosen was Jeffersonian. And on the 7th of May General HAMILTON wrote a letter to Governor JAY urging him to call together the Federal Legislature before the political year ended on the 1st of July, that it might district the State for the popular choice of electors! HAMILTON urged it as the only means of saving the nation, although the Federal majority in the Legislature had just defeated the same proposition on the ground of its unconstitutionality. On the back of General HAMILTON'S letter there is still to be seen the indorsement, in the firm hand of JOHN JAY, "Proposing a measure for party purposes which I think it would not become me to adopt."

The recent proposition that the Legislature of New York shall return to the old practice of appointment by the Legislature instead of election by the people recalls these words of JOHN JAY. He had the authority to summon the Legislature, and unquestionably the Legislature had authority to district the State for the election. Why, then, was it an unbecoming act for a virtuous magistrate? It was unbecoming not only because his own party had just declared it to be unconstitutional, but because the act was intended to defeat the will of the people as it had been just declared at the polls. It would have been the use of a legal form to thwart the fundamental principle of the government. It was not pretended that the Jeffersonians designed any illegal, or revolutionary, or violent action. But General HAMILTON held that their principles, lawfully expressed, would be fatal to the country, and therefore he would have strained the legal power to thwart them. JOHN JAY adhered to the higher law, to which, under another form, one of his illustrious successors appealed.

A proposition to elect Presidential electors by districts would, in our judgment, be both constitutional and wise, as bringing the election still "nearer to the people," and diminishing intrigue and corruption. But a proposition to return to the original manner of appointment by the Legislature, although it would be strictly constitutional—and it was the method in South Carolina down to the war—would be to propose the violation of a practice which has become an unwritten law. It would be akin to the voting of a Presidential elector for another candidate than the one nominated by his party. In the latter case the act would be the clear violation, not of a legal right, but of an honorable understanding. The Legislature, under the constitutional clause that we have quoted, may with unquestionable legality vest the choice of Presidential electors in the Legislature. But such is the force of the feeling which has grown up in the country that the Presidential vote of the State should be a popular and not a legislative vote, that the party which made the change in this State would throw itself out of power at the next State election, and so arouse and alienate feeling in the doubtful States next year as to insure their votes for the opposing Presidential candidate. It is a safe prophecy that any kind of gerrymandering which is intended to baffle, and not to secure, an honest expression of the popular will, however legal, will prove to be a boomerang which will return to plague the thrower.

THE SUPREME COURT TRADE-MARK DECISION.

IN 1870 Congress passed an act for the protection of rights in trade-marks. The statute provided for the registration of trade-marks in the Patent-office at Washington on payment of a fee of twenty-five dollars. It secured to the owner of a registered trade-mark the exclusive right to use it for thirty years. It authorized him to apply for an injunction and to bring an action for damages against any person who should wrongfully "reproduce, counterfeit, copy, or imitate" the mark, "and affix the same to goods of substantially the same descriptive properties and qualities as those referred to in the registration." In 1876 another act was passed by Congress providing for the punishment by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, or by imprisonment not exceeding two years, or by both fine and imprisonment, of any person who should counterfeit a registered trade-mark, or fraudulently sell or deal in counterfeit trade-mark goods. The Supreme Court of the United States has just decided that this entire legislation is void, for the reason that Congress had no constitutional power to pass such laws. This judgment was a surprise to lawyers, and has caused no little consternation in commercial circles. Nearly eight thousand trade-marks have been registered under the act of 1870. The number of annual registrations had risen to about fifteen hundred, and was steadily increasing. A number of cases under the law have been tried in the United States courts, but until about a year ago the constitutional validity of the act does not appear to have been disputed. The direct issue was first raised in the United States Circuit Court for Wisconsin, held in November, 1878, by Mr. Justice HARLAN, of the Supreme Court of the United States, and District Judge DYER. By this tribunal the law was declared unconstitutional. The soundness of the opinion was pretty generally questioned by lawyers, many of whom did not hesitate to say publicly that the judgment would be overruled and the trade-mark law upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States. Mercantile faith in the validity of the law seems to have been but little shaken by the Wisconsin judgment, since about a thousand trade-marks were registered after the opinion was published.

The matter was brought before the Supreme Court of the United States, not by way of appeal from the decision rendered in Milwaukee, but on a certified difference of opinion of the circuit justices in three criminal prosecutions. As the first national trade-mark law passed in 1870 was made a part of the statute relating to patents and copyright, it was doubtless thought by Congress that legislation on this subject was the rightful exercise of power conferred by that clause of the Constitution which authorizes Congress "to promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." The Supreme Court now holds that the ordinary trade-mark has no necessary relation to invention or discovery, and that it can not rightly be classed with writings. Hence legislation on the subject of trade-marks is not authorized by this provision of the Constitution. The only other clause that can be cited as authority for such legislation is that which declares that "Congress shall have power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes." It can not be denied that a trade-mark is closely allied to commerce, and is an important incident, a valuable aid or instrument, of commerce. But, as the Supreme Court holds, not every species of property which is the subject of trade, or which is used or even essential in commerce, is brought by the clause last cited within the control of Congress. The constitutional authority of Congress is limited to international and inter-State commerce, and traffic with the Indians. But the trade-mark law was not thus restricted in its operation. It applied to trade carried on wholly within a State, as well as to trade among the States. Its effect, therefore, was to regulate intra-State not less than inter-State commerce, and for this reason it was not within the constitutional power of Congress to pass the law.

The effect which the judgment of the Supreme Court must hereafter have on the law relating to trade-marks has been variously understood as well as misunderstood. By some it has been thought that the entire trade-mark system of the country has been swept away, and that hereafter unscrupulous traders may revel in the spoils of valuable trade-marks. Others seem to think that some substitute for the law that has been annulled may yet be provided by Congress. Both of these views are erroneous. There is nothing in the decision just rendered to prevent Congress from legislating for the protection of foreign trade-marks, or domestic trade-marks used in foreign commerce. But, without an amendment to the Constitution, Congress can not hereafter pass a valid law for the protection of trade-marks used in national commerce, unless their use is restricted to inter-State commerce. But a law thus limited in its operation would be impracticable, and therefore worthless. There will, then, be no national statute hereafter to take the place of that which has been annulled. The several States, however, may pass trade-mark laws, as some of them have already done. But these can have no extra-State operation, and must lack many of the advantages of a uniform national law.

Notwithstanding the national statute has been set aside, most, if not all, of the eight thousand trade-marks registered under it, are still, and will continue to be, entitled to protection. Property in trade-marks was not created by national or State legislation. It existed by the common law before the act of Congress was passed, and it will continue to exist by the common law in the absence of a national statute. Hereafter, as heretofore, the owners of valuable trade-marks may, independently of any statute, prevent or restrain by injunction the violation of their rights, and may sue for damages sustained by infringement. It may then be asked what was gained when Congress passed the trade-mark statute, and what was lost when that statute was set aside? The answer briefly is that in statutory protection are found some decided advantages which the common law does not afford.

THE PRESIDENTIAL COUNT.

IT is announced that Mr. BICKNELL, the chairman of the House Committee on the Electoral Count, will report at an early day, and we hope that his bill will not pass. Its important provision makes Congress the final returning board, even after a decision by the highest legal tribunal of a State. This virtually throws every election into Congress, and subverts State rights at a most vital point, that of determining the State's own vote for President. It is true that there may be a dispute between two tribunals, each claiming to be the lawful highest tribunal of the State, and that, in the nature of the case, there must be somewhere authority to decide between them. But such a possible necessity does not require that authority shall be given to Congress to set aside the unchallenged solemn judgment of the State by its highest legal tribunal. The Presidential election, under the Constitution, is especially a State act. The number of the electoral votes in each State is determined by its representation in Congress. Its electors are to be chosen as the State may decide, and the majority that elects the President is not the aggregate popular majority, but the majority for the electors in each State.

To authorize Congress to annul the undisputed decision of a State in regard to its own electoral vote is the most prodigious stride toward absolute centralization that has been yet made. And this is proposed by a Democratic committee! If next year there should be a dispute about the electoral vote of New York, which should be definitively settled by the Court of Appeals, and Governor CORNELL should duly certify, without challenge, that the vote of the State had been cast for A or B, the BICKNELL bill authorizes Congress to reject the vote if it chooses. If there be any chance that such a plan could be adopted—a plan which sweeps away the last relic of State independence in the election—it would be much better that the power of election should be vested directly in Congress. Such a scheme is a premium upon corruption and intrigue, and it makes our periodical peril,

a Presidential election, more desperately perilous than ever.

The supposition of two highest legal tribunals in a State, each assuming to be legitimate, implies the organization of two complete State governments, which is hardly supposable. In such a case, should it arise, as Congress could not accept both certificates, and as the State could not agree which expressed its will, Congress might properly decide either to accept that one certificate upon which both Houses separately should agree, or to reject the vote altogether, on the ground that the State, by refusing to determine, had disfranchised itself. The Senate bill takes the proper view of the subject. That bill refers the disputed vote to the tribunal which the State may designate, and accepts its decision as final. This proposed Democratic action, which we are very sure the Democratic majority will not, as a whole, accept, is a total overthrow of the most cherished Democratic traditions, and of the clear intent of the Constitution. But the proposed bill, as we understand, goes farther. It provides that if there be a disputed election, and no legal settlement in the State, the contested vote shall not be counted unless both Houses separately agree to count it. That is to say, a defeated party in the State may dispute the vote, and carefully refrain from submitting it to legal adjudication, and then Congress may throw out the State. This, again, is not a party question, but it is one of the utmost importance. The BICKNELL bill, as foreshadowed, certainly ought not to become law. But with equal certainty the principle of the Senate bill ought to be made the basis of prompt action.

PARENTS AND SCHOOLS.

WE have a note from "Liberal Catholic" objecting to our remark in a late article upon the Father SCULLY affair at Cambridgeport, that "in the case of those [parents] who are not born in this country, the SCULLY treatment will probably succeed, and they will yield." Our correspondent, who favors us with his name, states plainly that "he was born in Ireland, and he wishes to say most emphatically that the SCULLY treatment will not succeed with *him*, nor with his children, whom he will, God sparing them, send every one to the public schools. If ecclesiasticism is determined to force an issue in civil or political affairs with us their lay co-religionists, the Lord help the clergy!"

Our correspondent says that our supposition of the yielding of Roman Catholic parents who are not born in this country is at variance with the fact that the immigration of the last two decades is much superior in broad intelligence and independent manhood to that which preceded it twenty-five or thirty years ago. He holds that the subserviency of the earlier comers to priestly direction is largely due to the intolerance of Native-Americanism and Know-Nothingism twenty years ago, which has cursed both those whom it was intended to exclude from trades and professions, and the communities in which it originated, by "the enforced manufacture of paupers and criminals."

Upon the whole, however, our correspondent would hardly argue that the Irish immigrant, at least, has been unfairly treated—certainly not in this part of the country. At the late municipal election in New York we believe that every candidate, or the great majority of candidates nominated, was Irish; and politics largely turn upon favor to the children of Erin. Yet there is undoubtedly a large body of foreign-born parents who see too clearly the value of the public schools to their children and to the country of their choice to permit any other man, under whatever plea, to decide to what schools they shall send their children.

MR. GLADSTONE'S POPULARITY.

MR. GLADSTONE'S "progress" in Scotland is a striking illustration of profound and admiring popular respect for the greatest of living English statesmen. The immense enthusiasm which his visit to Mid-Lothian and his speeches there have aroused is due neither to rank nor to office, but to the popular trust in the purity of his patriotism, and acknowledgment of his masterly power. Intellectually and morally he is worthy of the honor of Britons as a noble representative of the best characteristics of the race, and in these he stands in absolute contrast with his conspicuous opponent, the Prime Minister, Lord BEACONSFIELD.

There is no general election pending in England, but a dissolution of Parliament will take place within a year, and the chiefs on both sides are already taking position. Party movements and "cries" are announced in England by the speeches of leaders, and not, as with us, in written platforms. This practice is in keeping with the unwritten British Constitution, and with the instinctive British distaste for logical politics. It is impossible, however, under the circumstances, that the real issue should not seem to be the return of Mr. GLADSTONE to power. Yet such are the customs of English politics that unless Lord HARTINGTON and Lord GRANVILLE, who are the recognized official "leaders," should yield, a Liberal victory would mean the Premiership of one of them.

Yet none of the Liberal leaders fills any place in the public mind or eye comparable with that of Mr. GLADSTONE. He is all-accomplished, and the weight of his character is completed by the variety and splendor of his ability. It is delightful to see a man who in every way satisfies the imagination with his adequacy to a great position in public favor, whose personal presence and masterly speech confirm the impression of his character, and who, with entire modesty, appears to be the leader that he is.

MR. JUSTICE EDMUNDS.

IT is announced from Washington that Mr. Justice WARD HUNT, of the Supreme Court, who has been seriously ill for a year, will soon resign. His malady is of a kind that hardly authorizes the expectation that he can resume his official duties or return to any active pursuit, and we hope that Congress, in the spirit of the Pension Act, will provide for his retirement. In case of his withdrawal, it is also stated that Senator EDMUNDS has consented to be nominated to a seat upon the Supreme bench.

Nobody certainly can object to calling great legal learning, a singularly judicial temperament, long experience, superior ability, and spotless integrity to the highest court in the country, yet everybody may deplore the loss of Mr. EDMUNDS in the Senate. Among the eminent Republicans in that body there is no one who commands more fully than he the confidence of intelligent and patriotic Republicans. His great services have been many and constant, and among them all we should, perhaps, cite as the chief the masterly ability and untiring energy with which he advocated and enforced the Electoral Bill that settled the controversy of 1876–77. Unbending in his political convictions, he has yet always maintained friendly relations with the leaders of the other side, and with his departure the Senate would lose a quality of character and incisive intellectual force which no such assembly is rich enough easily to spare.

The consolation would be the knowledge of his permanent position in the public service, and a position for which he is peculiarly fitted. His name would necessarily heighten the reputation of any judicial or legislative assembly of which he might be part, so that the country may well be satisfied whether the rumor be true or false.

SARATOGA AND YORKTOWN.

THE Saratoga Monument Association and the Bennington Monument Association propose that they shall each have as much Congressional favor as the Yorktown Monument Association. The citizens of Yorktown and of Virginia are naturally and properly bestirring themselves to prepare for an imposing centennial celebration of the surrender of CORNWALLIS, and they intend, as we understand, to apply to Congress for aid in erecting a monument. But New York has continually celebrated the surrender of BURGOYNE, the battles of Bemus Heights and Oriskany and Stony Point and White Plains and Elmira, without a cent from the public treasury toward a monument.

It is not a fact particularly creditable to the State, because the fostering of the patriotic traditions of a political community by the community itself is always wise. It is true that it is not the business of a State to celebrate anniversaries, but neither is it its business to buy books. Yet a State library is a very wise institution, and State aid to well-chosen patriotic memorials is not money unwisely spent. Massachusetts gladly appropriated money for the great celebrations of Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill, and even, we believe, for that at Bennington—a battle in which Massachusetts soldiers fought. If Congress should incline to aid the Yorktown monument, it may with equal propriety aid that at Saratoga and at Bennington.

It was the surrender of BURGOYNE which secured that of CORNWALLIS. The failure of the BURGOYNE campaign led to the open recognition of France, and was the crisis of the Revolution. Saratoga, therefore, and in this sense, produced Yorktown. It is, however, a friendly and generous rivalry. The war began in New England, culminated in New York, and ended in Virginia. It was fitting that the Revolutionary honors should be thus distributed among the three great sections and the three great States. If Congress should consider the subject, therefore, it will be hard to prove that the claim of Saratoga, of which Bennington was an adjunct, is not as valid as that of Yorktown.

A MISSTATEMENT CORRECTED.

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS is reported as saying, in his recent lecture on the Press, that THOMAS NAST caricatured JOHN BROWN in the most heartless manner, in *Harper's Weekly*, when he was on trial for his life, "making him either devilishly ugly or ridiculous." Had Mr. PHILLIPS taken the pains to turn to *Harper's Weekly* for 1859, he would not have made that statement. Mr. NAST was not then contributing to this paper, and all the illustrations of the capture and trial of JOHN BROWN were engraved from sketches by "Porte Crayon" (Colonel STROTHER), who drew the portrait of the rugged old man just as he appeared, without the least intention of caricature.

PERSONAL.

MR. JOHN W. GARRETT, one of the most opulent and liberal gentlemen of Baltimore, and president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, has expressed a willingness to fit up at his own expense an aquarium in Druid Hill Park, Baltimore. The cost will be $10,000.

—Of the family of the late CHARLES DICKENS there are five children who now survive. The eldest son, CHARLES, is the proprietor and editor of *All the Year Round*. His other sons are HENRY FIELDING DICKENS, the barrister, well known on the Eastern Circuit; and EDWARD BULWER LYTTON DICKENS, now a successful sheep-farmer in Australia. The daughters are KATE DICKENS, wife of C. A. COLLINS, the author of *A Cruise Upon Wheels*; and Miss MARY DICKENS. Two sons, also, are deceased, viz., WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR DICKENS, who died while serving as an ensign with the Forty-second Highlanders in India; and SYDNEY SMITH DICKENS, who died a lieutenant in the navy. It will be noticed that DICKENS named four of his sons after writers as eminent as himself in English literature. BULWER LYTTON, indeed, was godfather to the youngest of them.

—The oldest railroad official in the United States, in service and in years, is GEORGE L. PERKINS, aged ninety, who has been treasurer of the Norwich and Worcester Railroad since its organization.

—The home of the Princess CLOTHILDE has the air of a cloister, and her whole life is given to religious exercises and the practice of all sorts of good works. She rises very early, hears mass, gives alms, and consoles and succors the sick. Near by is a Carmelite convent, where she spends much of her time.

—The will of the eccentric Duke of Brunswick has been declared void, greatly to the dissatisfaction of the town of Geneva, to which his fortune was bequeathed, and which had already spent $1,400,000 on a monument to his memory, and as much more on a magnificent opera-house.

—The late JOHN BLACKWOOD occasionally used to relate with quiet glee how he and George Eliot had corresponded some time before he knew she was a woman. "I called her 'Dear GEORGE,'" he said, merrily, "and employed some easy expressions, such as a man uses only to a man. After I knew her, I was a little anxious to remember all I might have said."

—Earl DERBY speaks quite plainly about his father. He once remarked of him: "His judgment on any matter would be excellent if he were well informed, but then he never is well informed." On another occasion he said of his father, "He knows nothing accurately except Homer, and even there GLADSTONE beats him."

—Mr. BRAND, the present Speaker of the House of Commons, will retire from that office at the close of the present session. He is brother and heir to the title and estates of Lord DACRE, but on retiring from the Speakership will be raised to the peerage by some other title during his brother's life. That is the custom. Mr. HENRY RAIKES, now chairman of committees, will probably be his successor.

—The late Sergeant COX, of London, who combined the characters of lawyer and judge, had one unique and most successful peculiarity—that of owning newspapers, and making them prosperous. These he would buy when they were nearly dead, and impart to them complete vitality. The *Queen* was his, and the *Field*, and *The Law Times*, all purchased for a song, and, under his management, made to yield a princely revenue.

—One of the notable guests at the HOLMES breakfast was Miss SPRAGUE, of Ohio, the authoress of *An Earnest Trifler*, which is by far the most successful story published in Boston this season. She sat between the graceful and elegant Mr. OSGOOD and ex-Governor RICE, and throughout the day bore herself with most winsome modesty. It was none the less pleasant that while she and they thus sat at table, her publishers received an order for five hundred copies of her novel from Chicago.

—Mr. L. J. JENNINGS, formerly editor of the New York *Times*, and now the London correspondent of the *World*, gives in a recent letter a sketch of Mr. DELANE, late editor of the London *Times*, which is very interesting. "He dressed," says Mr. JENNINGS, "as a general rule, after the style of a country gentleman, and looked like a robust and contented squire until disease and perhaps overwork undermined his strength: I put in the 'perhaps,' for I do not believe that hard work would ever have injured Mr. DELANE if he had been a sound man. But with a deadly malady latent in him, so much labor and anxiety at night were doubtless disastrous in their effects. He did not talk much, even at his own table, but what little he did say went always straight to the point. He seemed to exhaust the subject in a few words. His range of information was enormous, especially on all matters relating to the political history of his country and of Europe generally. His memory was very tenacious and exact. He was habitually rather a grave kind of man, and one did not often see him laugh. A grim sort of smile was about all that could be extracted from him. He used to go to bed about five in the morning, get up at one, see his contributors from three to half past four, and then go out for a ride. He was the last man, as he used to say, who rode through Fleet Street on horseback. At ten or half past ten, no matter where he might be dining, he would slip away and go down to his office, where he remained till three or four, and sometimes even later. The *Times*, I believe, goes to press earlier now than it did then. He did not smoke, and drank very sparingly of wines. He was at all hours and in all places the coolest-headed man I have ever known. Of course he got into a bad temper at times, but he never lost control over his judgment. His house at 16 Sergeant Inn was a dingy place, but it was less than half a mile from his office; and as it was in a quiet and retired situation, it suited him perfectly. During his illness he was nursed by one whose kindness never failed, and who has seemed to live but for him—his unmarried sister. At East Hampton, in the churchyard where his father sleeps, has been laid to rest a man who in his time wielded almost incredible power, who made and unmade ministries, and who greatly helped for forty years to direct the course of empires. No journalist before him ever was so powerful, and it is doubtful whether any that come after him will attain to his unrivalled position."

—The late ERASTUS BIGELOW, of Boston, who was only fourteen years old when he invented a machine for making "piping-cord," and who a few years later invented the first power-loom for weaving two-ply ingrain carpets, sold his patents for making Brussels carpet-looms in Great Britain to the CROSSLEYS, who paid him for the same $100,000.

—GAMBETTA, though thinner, is said to be looking better than ever. At the recent opening of the Chamber of Deputies there was a quiet, self-possessed dignity about him which impressed his audience with a sense of power.

—Speaking of those who are members of the present British ministry, it is said that with the exception of Lords BEACONSFIELD, SALISBURY, and CAIRNS, there is no one who does not mainly owe his place in it to affluence or birth, or both. The Dukes of Richmond and Northumberland, Lord SANDON, Colonel STANLEY, and Lord JOHN MANNERS would never but for birth have had a chance of such elevation, and Mr. SMITH, Lord CRANBROOK, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, Sir MICHAEL BEACH, and Mr. CROSS would not, had they been without considerable means, have gone into politics. In fact, Lord CRANBROOK only left the bar when a great fortune came to him. Thus the British government is not, as a rule, composed of the best men, but of the best men who have the money, inclination, and capacity for politics. Such cases as those of PITT and CANNING, who, with a mere pittance, threw themselves into politics, are very rare indeed. It is almost lunacy for any man to enter political life in England as a profession unless he has at least seventy-five hundred dollars a year.

—Colonel GEORGE E. WARING, Jun., a frequent contributor to the periodicals of HARPER & BROTHERS, and who has written some books that have won a rapid and deserved success, has been appointed by General WALKER to be chief of the Statistical Department of the Census—an excellent appointment.

—The Emperor of Austria behaved generously to his cousin, now Queen of Spain. From his private fortune he gave her a dowry of one million thalers, and sent her away in greater state than was observed at the departure of his only daughter when she married. The trousseau filled five railway vans. Under-clothing was on the scale of twelve dozen dozens.

—A walking match for a new hat, between JAMES BASSETT, aged seventy-nine, and RICHARD WELCH, aged seventy-five, was the talk of suburban Boston a few days ago. The old gentlemen hobbled along and pegged away until they had completed a circuit of three miles from Newton City-Hall. They kept together throughout, but on the home-stretch BASSETT made a vigorous "spurt," and carried off the hat by a distance of ten feet.

—Mrs. LEGGE is an old lady now living at Martha's Vineyard, who, as a native of St. Helena, remembers going to the school-room door to see NAPOLEON as he went on his way to Longwood. Mrs. LEGGE'S daughter married one of the crew of an American whaler, who brought his wife and her mother to live at the Vineyard.

—Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA has recently expressed his opinion of American journalism. The press of this country, he said, surprised, interested, and disappointed him. Its free, offhand, good-humored treatment of serious matters, especially those of government, were entertaining to an Englishman, and, no doubt, were characteristic of the American people, but they detracted from the dignity and influence of the press as an institution. He was struck especially with the lack of leading articles of real ability, especially on political questions, such as, he said, no newspaper of any standing in England is without. The political articles in American newspapers, he thought, were generally superficial, while those in most English newspapers command the consideration even of statesmen, and often shape their course. To this he attributed the lack of the recognition of journalism as fully entitled to stand equal to, if not in the lead of, the other learned professions. Journalists in the United States, in his estimation, had the ability and opportunity, and were entitled to as much social influence as in France or England. The fault often lay in the fact that what they write is not sufficiently serious to be strong. Of the great enterprise and novel interest of American newspapers there could be no doubt.

—Miss KATE FIELD brought from Stratford a slip of SHAKSPEARE'S mulberry-tree, which she has presented to the Central Park Commissioners. It is to be kept in a greenhouse until April, and then planted with proper ceremony—probably upon the poet's birthday. The Park Commissioners sent for the slip on Miss FIELD'S arrival, and it is now in their care.

—Miss ALICE LONGFELLOW, daughter of the poet, has become the Massachusetts Vice-Regent of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association.

—The Duke of Buccleuch, the premier duke of Scotland, has just been celebrating, with his wife, their golden wedding. He could afford a reasonable festivity, having an income of $1,200,000 per annum, derived mainly from his 450,000 acres of land. The duke's son, the Earl of Dalkeith, is a candidate for Parliament against Mr. GLADSTONE, who has gone up there a-purpose to see what can be done against the great ducal Tory. Lord ROSEBERY leads the fight for Mr. GLADSTONE, and the preliminary skirmishing is of the liveliest possible character.

—The present Prime Minister of Belgium, M. FRÈRE-ORBAN, commenced life in the humblest manner. His family name was FRÈRE. While a law student, he fell in love with the daughter of a rich, aristocratic M. ORBAN. The girl was agreeable; the parents opposed. As the day for his examination approached, she said to him, "If you succeed, come in the evening to the box at the opera, in which I shall be with my parents and some of their friends." "But will they admit me?" asked the poor student. "I will take care of that," replied the girl. FRÈRE passed the examination with great credit, and presented himself at the box. His sweetheart rose as he entered, and kissed him in the presence of the whole company. After that there was nothing for the parents to do but to announce an engagement between them. When the marriage took place, he added, by their request, their aristocratic name to his more plebeian one.

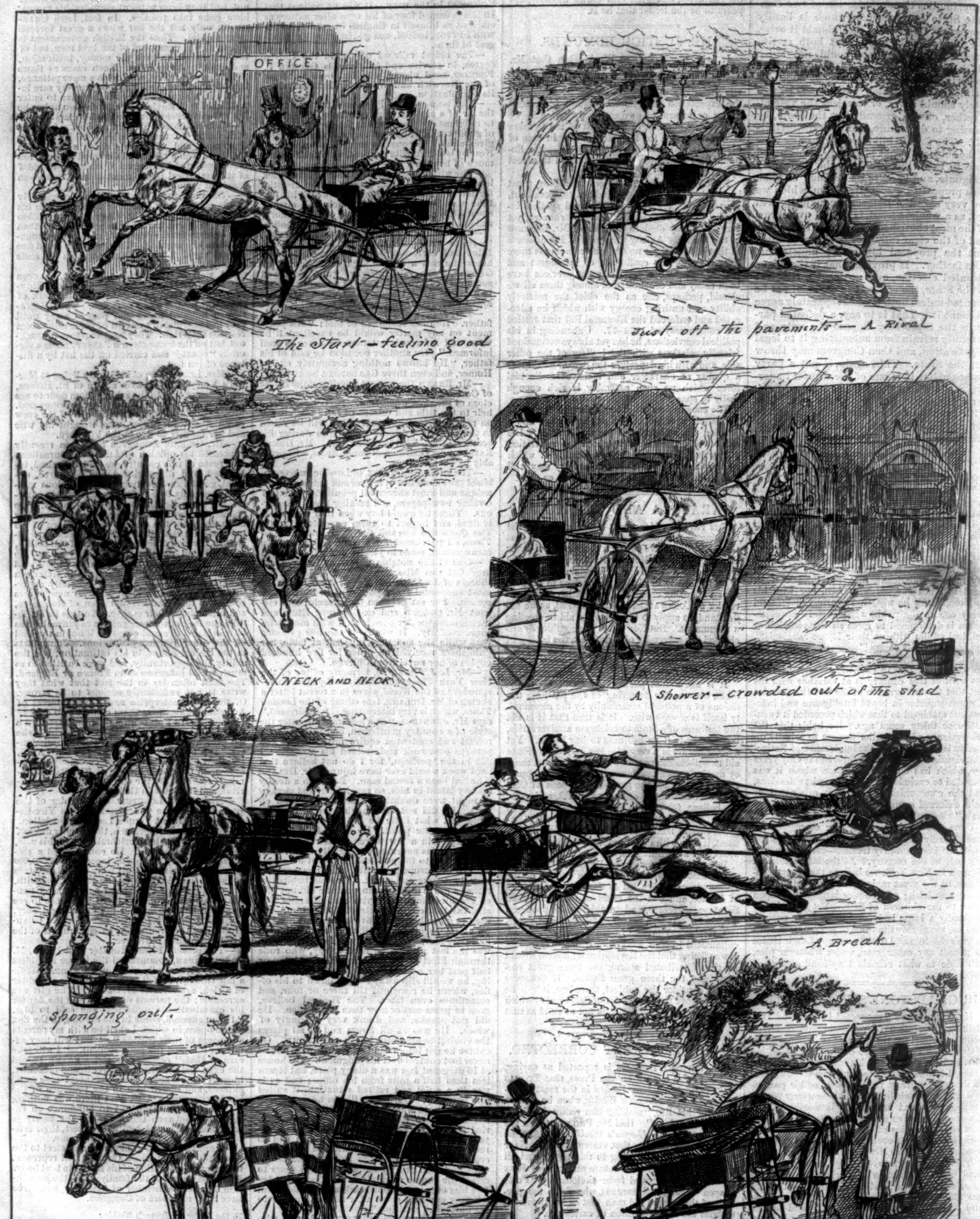
—GERRIT SMITH MILLER, member elect to the Assembly from Madison County, will represent the seventh generation of his family in that body. Every male head of the family, since the Revolution, has been a member of Assembly, and three have been members of Congress.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

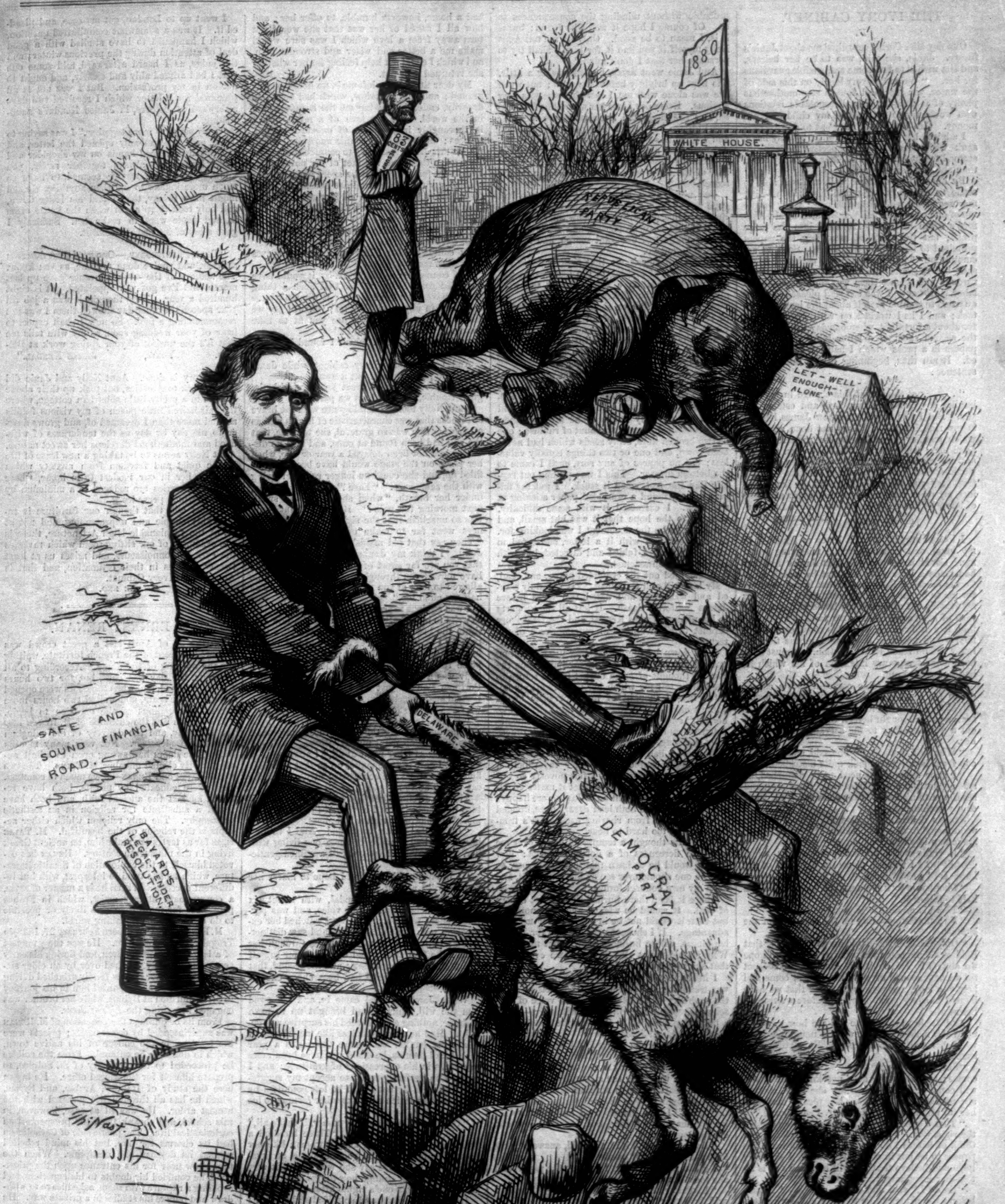
SIR,—My attention has been called to a paragraph in your issue of November 15, in which my recent visit to New York is noticed in terms that are but too flattering. It contains, however, some inaccuracies of statement which I will ask your permission to correct: (1) I have never been, as there stated, a candidate for the Margaret Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge. (2) I took no part other than that of a spectator in the burial of Mrs. TAIT. The funeral service was read by the Rev. W. F. ERSKINE KNOLLYS, one of the archbishop's chaplains. (3) My brother-in-law, the late FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, though great as a writer in many regions of thought, was never known as a poet. As far as I know, he never wrote a line of verse in his life.

I am, Sir, yours, very faithfully,

E. H. PLUMPTRE.



SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.—DRAWN BY THOMAS WORTH.



STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED.

HOLD ON, AND YOU MAY WALK OVER THE SLUGGISH ANIMAL UP THERE YET.

THE IVORY CABINET.

II.

ONE day Miss Corbet consulted me about Janie's future. Janie, she said, was to be her heiress, and she wished to find some responsible guardians for her. "We are so very lonely on this side of the water, you see; and Janie's step-mother has plenty of fortune-hunting, disreputable relations who would try to get hold of my child and her money. Can you advise me what to do?"

I advised her to my best ability, but my heart sank within me. This prospective heiress-ship seemed to put Janie even further out of my reach than she had been before.

By Easter I was almost well, and was able to settle to my work. I found Kendal's missing mortgage deed with little difficulty; it lay on the top of one of the rubbish heaps which at Mr. Ashford's death had been shovelled into the large press; but the work of arranging the papers promised to take at least a month. Such an accumulation of papers, useful and useless, I never saw before; and to read them all carefully through and docket them was no inconsiderable labor. However, I was too well pleased with my quarters to trouble myself about the length of my task; and I had worked on with great content for about a fortnight, when one day I came across the second sheet of a letter lying among some papers in a press which I had not before opened. It ran thus, beginning in the middle of a sentence:

"......not think that this change in my will implies any change in my love and esteem for you. But I feel that my nephew James Kendal is my rightful heir, and has not done anything which justifies me in leaving my property away from him; while to you, who have risen to fame and success and riches in your profession, Boldres would probably be an unvalued incubus. Still, I trust that you will at least accept the ivory cabinet, my most valued treasure, as a remembrance of one who has never loved any woman but you.

"JAMES ASHFORD."

I looked stupidly at this letter as I held it in my hand, and then a horrible misgiving seized me. Could it be possible that James Ashford had made a later will than that by which Ellen Corbet inherited Boldres, and that it was reserved for me to be the unwilling instrument of turning my friends out of this happy home of theirs? A rush of hope came back to my mind as I reflected that had it been so, even this most careless of men would probably have taken means that his letter should reach its destination. It must have been some temporary intention of his which he had not carried out.

At this moment Janie came in with a cup of coffee for me. She had not yet become accustomed to be waited on; and I observed that she scarcely ever brought herself to ring the bell without a quasi-apology to the servant for troubling her.

"What is the matter?" she said, as I took the cup from her. "You look quite disturbed."

"I hope there is no need to be disturbed," I said; "but you shall advise me. Read that, and see if you think I had better show it to your aunt, or say nothing about it."

Janie's deficiency of dramatic power did not make her slow of apprehension. She read it, and looked up inquiringly.

"It reads as if he had changed his mind, doesn't it? I wonder where the first half of the letter is?"

"I hope it is torn up, and that he intended this half to follow it."

"There is no date here, you see."

"No; that is probably on the first half of the letter."

"Only think, if we should find a will saying that Boldres did not belong to us, after all! Oh, I hope we sha'n't! No, don't tell Aunt Nelly yet—not till we have looked everywhere. I will come and help you look, and make quite sure that we have hunted in every possible place, before we trouble her at all."

And Janie proceeded to tell me how any fret upon the nerves brought on the neuralgia from which her aunt suffered; especially anything like suspense.

"She is always very strong when a real trouble comes; but when she does not know whether it will come or not, I know how she feels, though she scarcely ever speaks. No, please, don't tell her till we are quite certain, Mr. Pennithorne."

"That, I hope, we soon shall be—I mean certain the right way. I will clear out every place I can think of before I do anything else, and leave the papers to be put in order afterward. I sincerely hope and believe that the will he speaks of is altogether imaginary."

"So do I," said Janie, with a sigh. "I don't believe the place can be to Mr. Kendal what it is to us. But still, if it is so, I hope we shall be brave about it. Aunt Nelly will, I know; but I—I don't think I should mind, except for going back to that horrid theatrical life, and seeing Aunt Nelly kill herself by inches."

Tears came into Janie's eyes, and her voice faltered.

"She would not go upon the stage again, would she?"

"She ought not; but I know it would come to that, for mamma always thinks she is made of money, and expects her to half support her and the whole of the family. Now she is able to send a check over twice a year, and that prevents their complaining: but, oh! I've been ashamed of belonging to the same family sometimes, when I see how mamma and her brothers try to worm all they can out of dear Aunt Nelly, when they know what it costs her. Don't think me very horrid," she added, changing her tone. "I know we must be honest before all things. So please rout out every place you think probable or improbable, without minding the consequences to us. Of course I hope it won't be found; but if it is, I mean to be good. Only let me tell Aunt Nelly myself if you find it, for then I shall try to persuade her that I don't mind."

And Janie went away, I think crying a little. She kept up brightly before her aunt; but when she was alone with me, I saw that she was very anxious. Every day I told her where I had searched, and she suggested fresh places to look in; but hitherto our search had been unsuccessful, and I grew more and more hopeful that, if Mr. Ashford had made the will alluded to, he had deliberately destroyed it, together with the first half of the letter which had given cause for the search.

One night, after Miss Corbet and Janie had gone to bed, and I was sitting by the fire in the Brown Parlor, preparing to follow their example, my thoughts were wandering, as they often did, upon the object of our joint search, and its possible hiding-place.

Suddenly it struck me that neither Janie nor I had thought of looking in the ivory cabinet itself, which stood on a table against the wall, glimmering in the flicker of the fire-light. It was not strange that we should not have thought of it as the receptacle of an important paper; for it was a little drawing-room toy, with very beautifully carved doors, and little drawers within, which might hold a collection of small shells or of coins, but nothing of greater size.

I rose to look; but by this time my expectation had come to be that of finding nothing, and vacancy was the most usual as well as most welcome sight to my eyes. I opened the doors, and pulled out the tiny drawers, one after another. They contained a certain amount of rubbish; one or two broken keys, stray seeds which had never been sown, and one or two things equally valueless; but no papers of any sort, until I came to the bottom drawer. This I was pulling out rapidly like the rest, when it stuck. I put my fingers in, and found a crumpled paper sticking at the back. I extracted it with some difficulty, clinging to the hope that it was but small, and not likely to be the document I was looking for. It came out, and with it a letter, addressed to Miss Ellen Corbet, folded and directed, but with the envelope unfastened.

I smoothed out the crumpled paper, and read, "My last will and testament." It was duly signed and witnessed, and dated two years before James Ashford's death. It left all the property to his nephew James Kendal, and the fatal ivory cabinet to Ellen Corbet in remembrance of the testator.

I sat down by the fire, feeling utterly beaten, and let the paper slip out of my hand upon the rug. I thought of Ellen Corbet left to return to the killing toil for which her health entirely unfitted her—I thought of my poor little loving Janie condemned to watch "Aunt Nelly killing herself," and to bewail her own dramatic incompetence—and I felt that it was my hand, practically speaking, that must strike the blow.

If only I had a competence, however small, which might enable me to offer them both a home! Never before had I felt poverty so bitter. Love had made me feel that it mattered little what my future might be if Janie were happy; but that we should both lead dreary lives, divided by the Atlantic from sharing each other's troubles, seemed too hard to bear.

With this thought a temptation came over me with the fierceness of a demon's clutch: how easy it would be to burn this horrible paper, so that no one should ever see or know about it, and keep my own counsel forever!

There it lay; there burned the red-hot cavern of coal. It would be wicked and dishonorable; but then it would not be in any way for my own advantage. If I chose to peril my soul for Janie's happiness, whose business was it but my own? Why should I not risk it, and dare everything that she might be saved pain?

I held the will and the letter in my hand, and was trembling on the verge of the decisive act—the sophistry of temptation and the voice of conscience dragging my will in opposite ways—when a light step sounded in the passage outside, the door opened, and Janie came in. The light of the chamber candle she carried fell upon her soft white gown and shining hair, and I felt as I looked at her pure womanly face and clear eyes that it would be wronging the strength of her loving, innocent heart to try to save her pain at the expense of right.

"Janie," I said, hoarsely. I had never called her by her name before, but I could not speak conventionally now.

"Have you found it?" she said, answering my tone rather than my words.

I could not speak, but I held up the paper, and she took it and looked at it in silence.

"I would rather have cut off my right hand," I said, breaking the silence at last.

"I know you would," said Janie, tenderly. "But never mind. If it is right, you know, it must be the best thing for Aunt Nelly and me."

Still I sat in despondent silence.

"Don't be so miserable," said my comforter again. "Look here. It is just like the story of the White Cat. Don't you know how the Prince had to cut off her head to show that he loved her? That is what you have to do to show that you love Aunt Nelly. I know it will prove her a Princess."

But here, notwithstanding her brave words, Janie's voice faltered, and she burst into tears. I don't know how it was; I had never dreamed of doing it before; but somehow that moment broke down the barrier between us. There, standing on the brown hearth-rug, with the paper in my hand, I forgot all about the will, the coming disclosure to Aunt Nelly, and my own misery. I only knew that Janie was crying, and that I loved her more than any human being in the world; and then and there I told her so. I told her of my hopeless prospects, and how long it might be before I had a home, however humble, to offer her; and how all I asked of her was that she would not turn away from a love which I was sure would make me a better and wiser and stronger man, and which I could not help feeling for her whether she returned it or not.

My dear little Janie left me in no doubt on this ground; and this interview, which had begun so drearily, ended by leaving me the happiest man in the world. For the love of a noble object is thoroughly independent of outward circumstances; the joy of loving Janie was quite enough for me this evening entirely to counterbalance the knowledge that from the fact of my poverty our lives must for the present be spent apart. I am glad to say that I was at least honest, and confessed to her, before we parted, how strongly I had been tempted to make away with that will for her sake.

"You wouldn't have done it, you know," she said, confidently.

"I couldn't, after I had once seen your eyes looking at me."

"Of course you couldn't. Why, it would have degraded Aunt Nelly and me that such a thing should have been done for us; it wouldn't have helped us in any way. No, no; you will see we will both be brave. Now are you fit to take charge of that will, or shall I?"

"Let us put it back where I found it for tonight."

And I opened the ivory cabinet, while Janie folded the paper up and put it away.

"You see we have a great joy come with the great trouble," she said, as we parted.

Aunt Nelly took the intelligence with the brave sweetness that was characteristic of her as well as of Janie. She was so grateful, she told me, that the will had been found at once, and that its discovery had not been delayed a year or two, when her place on the stage would have been entirely filled up, and she could no longer earn her living with the same ease. "Ease!" said Janie to me, under her breath, "when she never can speak next morning for pain!" But dear Aunt Nelly was so unselfish that the sight of Janie's happiness went far to make up for her own loss. "They say that old maids' children are perfect, John. I think my Janie is, and I am not sure that you are far short of it; but then, you see, I have nursed you through an illness, so I may be allowed to look at you with rather partial eyes as half my child too."

I was anxious to see Kendal myself rather than to write to him, that I might hint to him how destitute the loss of Boldres would leave Miss Corbet; so I took my leave of Janie and her aunt—how strange it seemed to have such ties to one place that one's heart staid there while one's body was a hundred miles away!—and reached Portman Square just at luncheon-time. Mrs. Kendal again received me instead of her husband, who was not yet in.

"Well, Mr. Pennithorne, so you have been staying quite a long time with those old people. Does the woman paint much?"

"I never saw her paint at all," I answered.

"Ah, I dare say she makes up so that you don't find it out. Does she behave decently, or does she eat with a knife?"

"She is a refined gentlewoman, with more culture than most ladies I have had the pleasure to meet," I answered, with a little heat.

"Oh, really! How very odd! And I think I heard she had a niece or some one living with her. Is the niece what you call a refined gentlewoman too?"

"I naturally think so, as I hope to marry her some day," I replied.

"Really!" said Mrs. Kendal, with about six notes of exclamation in her voice, and was perfectly silent with surprise; but I watched her expression with some amusement, and saw distinctly that two thoughts were passing through her mind: the first, that I had done well for myself in a pecuniary point of view; and the second, that she was surprised that I had been sharp enough to do so.

When James Kendal came in, and I showed him the will, which I had brought up to town with me, nothing could exceed his surprise and delight. Had he been penniless like me, instead of a wealthy banker with more thousands a year than I had pounds, he could not have been more rapturous in his expressions of gratitude; and I found him perfectly ready to accept my suggestion that Miss Corbet would be left penniless by the discovery which added another fortune to his own.

"Oh, I'll settle an annuity on her, if that's all," he said, rubbing his hands. "Three hundred a year, say—that ought to keep a woman like her pretty comfortable; and you say she is an invalid as it is, so I dare say she won't want it very long. Well, it is strange how things come round, and how one gets one's rights after all!"

He was so jubilant and so self-absorbed that I did not feel inclined to confide my own affairs to him, and I went back to Boldres, feeling rather melancholy in my mind over the long separation that lay before me and Janie, and which was inexorably drawing nearer. We both did our best to keep up a good heart, and not to let the shadow of the future spoil the joy of the present, but there were heavy clouds about, and sometimes I almost fancied that I was wronging Janie by letting her tie herself down to a man whose prospects seemed to be so hopeless as mine.

By some strange perversity of fate, as it seemed to me, I got a brief in the last fortnight before the Corbets were to sail, which cut me off a good five days of Janie's society. However, it was work for her, though I did wish that it could have come a fortnight later. It was a brief for an insurance society—a hopelessly dreary subject, as Janie declared; she had hoped I was going to defend some innocent victim accused of a fearful crime, and to get him acquitted by the force of my eloquence.

I went up to London, got my case, and pleaded it. It was a somewhat complicated question, which I happened to have studied with a good deal of attention during the previous winter; and the judge, as I heard afterward, told some one that I had argued ably and clearly, and ought to get on in my profession. But I was not at all prepared for a letter which I received two days afterward at Boldres, in James Kendal's handwriting.

"Only six days more together," I was saying to Janie, as I mechanically opened the letter, and she put her clasped hands on my shoulder and said, "No, John; always together really, you know." Her little speech seemed to have so much more import to me than anything Kendal might have to say, that I laid his letter down, and only took it up again when the kettle came in, and Janie went to make tea. Suddenly I gave a cry of intense amazement.

"DEAR PENNITHORNE,—One good turn deserves another, and you've done me one, as you know. The actuary of the —— Insurance gave up last month, and I've got you appointed. It is eight hundred a year. They thought it was a job till your speech the other day showed them I was not recommending a fool. So now I shall expect to hear of your wedding soon, as my wife tells me that it's the upshot of your spring work at Boldres. Yours, JAMES KENDAL."

My story is done. Aunt Nelly and Janie did not go back to America, but took up their abode instead in a pretty little suburban cottage, where the fair-haired little queen of my visions fulfills all and more than I dreamed of, and grows dearer to me day by day as the tenderness of wifehood and motherhood develops her sweet nature. Aunt Nelly seems to be taking a new lease of life in the quiet and freedom from anxiety which come to her in our modest little home, where frets and worries are reduced to a minimum by the love which pervades it.

I must add that though our furniture is remarkably simple and unpretending, and not at all of the fashionable High Art nature, there is one ornament of our sitting-room which ravishes the eyes of connoisseurs, and raises us at least twenty degrees in their estimation, and that is Aunt Nelly's Ivory Cabinet.

THE END.

M. ERNEST RENAN.

ON the 3d of April last a great crowd was gathered in front of the French Institute, waiting for the opening of the doors. According to all accounts, the day was chill, but for two hours the people stood, and when the doors were opened rushed to the seats, and waited two hours more for the proceedings of the occasion to begin. The occasion was the entrance of M. RENAN into the Academy, and the delivery of his eulogium upon his predecessor. Not very many months before, the doors had swung open to admit another newly elected member, M. TAINE. The two men—TAINE and RENAN—have much in common. Both were educated by priests, both have rebelled against the ancient faith, and both have found a substitute for religion in an æsthetic philosophy. The only religion which either accepts is the religion of the beautiful. M. TAINE is, as far as tastes can make him, an ancient Greek living in the nineteenth century. RENAN has devoted himself to the exploration of Semitic literature, which he has tried to interpret, with but indifferent success. Withal he is a master of style, a consummate literary artist, which in France passes for far more than it is likely or possible to do in the English-speaking world.

M. ERNEST RENAN was born February 27, 1823, in Tréguier, of Breton stock. He was the youngest of a large family of children, and during his early years was tenderly watched over by an elder sister. To this sister he was fondly attached during all her life. She accompanied him in his journey to Syria, and died at Byblus, while her brother was engaged in writing the *Life of Jesus*.

From its beginnings the education of M. RENAN was superintended by ecclesiastics; priests were the teachers in the college of his native town, which in due time he entered. From the college he proceeded to the seminary of St. Sulpice, to prepare himself for the sacred office. He began here the study of Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac, which he has all through life pursued with the utmost ardor. He was ill at ease, however, in this school, and shrank from the prospect of an ecclesiastical life. The poetic side of Catholicism had its charms for him, but his mind rebelled against its dogmas and discipline. When the time drew near for his entrance upon the priesthood, he confided his doubts to his superiors, and avoiding a rupture with them, asked leave to withdraw and pursue his studies in a private way. He soon after attracted the attention of the literary world, both as a scholar and a writer. In 1847 he obtained the VOLNEY prize for an essay on the Semitic languages. This essay was afterward expanded into a volume, which has passed through several editions. In 1849 he was sent by the French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres on a literary mission to Italy. He brought back with him the materials of a work which he published under the title of *Averroes and Averroism*. His contributions to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Journal des Débats* in 1851 and 1852 have been characterized by an eminent French critic as perfect, both in substance and form. In 1856 M. RENAN was elected a member of the Academy of Inscriptions, succeeding the historian AUGUSTIN THIERRY. He published also during this period of his life a translation of the Book of Job, with an essay on its character, and also a translation of the Song of Solomon. In 1860, when the French army occupied Syria, M. RENAN accompanied it as the head of a scientific

commission, and examined the sites of Tyre and Sidon and the region of Mount Lebanon. Here in the companionship of his beloved sister, and, as he himself describes it, "with the sea, the villages, the ravines, the mountains," spread out at their feet, he wrote the *Life of Jesus*.

The *Life* made a prodigious stir in France. One can hardly tell why, for the book is of little, if any, critical value. It may have been the novelty of the subject, for Frenchmen are not much given to Bible-reading. It may have been the cnarm of the religious romance into which RENAN converted the history of Christ. The work may have been attractive to his countrymen from its sympathetic although eccentric treatment of the materials of our earliest Christian history. Be all this as it may, the excitement produced was unexampled; the encomiums of the French reviews bordered on hyperbole. One critic, JULES CLARETIE, says of it: "Of all the books of M. RENAN, no one has made more noise, none has been more combated, none more universally read. The bibliographic movement to which it has given rise is incredible; and one could easily form a library of the volumes and pamphlets devoted to its examination and refutation." Another eminent French scholar characterizes it in terms which seem to English-speaking scholars to be wholly extravagant. "The publication of such a work," he writes, "is a great fact, which will have lasting consequences. Every epoch demands and calls forth the form of philosophic writer that accords with it. M. RENAN, with the reserve which makes part of his force, appears to me to be the philosophic champion most appropriate to the second half of the nineteenth century. We have had a BAYLE; we have had a VOLTAIRE; we have a RENAN."

To a cultivated Englishman or American, accustomed to the careful weighing of evidence, and to the searching for solid grounds of belief, this style of panegyric seems ludicrous. He instinctively asks: "What do the French critics mean? Have they lost their senses? Or have they taken occasion of the appearance of the *Life of Jesus* to re-assert the liberty of thinking against the bigotry of the clerical party?" One may be, as to the Christian religion, an unbeliever; but in selecting a champion of unbelief, one would expect the choice to fall upon a thinker capable of reasoning. A keen logician like JOHN STUART MILL can make unbelief appear respectable; a romancer like M. RENAN, who calls himself an investigator, can only make unbelief appear fantastic and absurd. History treated on the principles of this *Life of Jesus* would cease to have an intelligible meaning. It would be what each critic's imagination chose to make of it. For the principle of æsthetic harmony, in obedience to which M. RENAN accepts or rejects the materials found in the Gospels, is purely subjective. It is each man's taste, prejudice, or whim, for it may come even to that. Applied generally to the past, every man would have his own history, shaped according to his fancy, but with entire disregard of evidence. Meanwhile the truth of history would disappear.

M. RENAN virtually confesses that his *Life of Jesus* has no historical validity. "Suppose," he says, "that in restoring the Minerva of PHIDIAS according to the texts, an unnatural, maimed, artificial whole should be produced, what must we conclude therefrom? But one thing: that the texts demand artistic interpretation, that they must be gently entreated until they finally combine to produce a whole in which all the materials are happily fused. Should we be sure of having then, feature for feature, the Greek statue? No; but at least we would not have a caricature; we would have the general spirit of the work, one of the forms in which it might have existed." M. RENAN's artistic restoration of the *Life of Jesus* can, however, hardly be called a success. Jesus is at first a charming rabbi of Galilee, highly endowed with the poetic sense, quick to see the hidden harmonies which unite the spiritual and visible worlds, winning in speech and manner, and without a suspicion of the tragic end of life which awaits him. Seduced by the plaudits of his followers, and their application to himself of the predicted powers of the Messiah, he attempts to become a thaumaturgist, and connives at a pious fraud in the pretended raising of LAZARUS from the dead. Carried away, toward the end of his career, by the splendid vision of the kingdom of God, he loses his mental balance. "At times," says our author, "one would have said his reason was disturbed. His disciples at certain moments believed him mad." His half-crazed exaltation of feeling makes him intolerant, and awakens the hostility which compasses his death. Thus the Jesus of RENAN is a dreamer afflicted with a mild insanity, a dupe, and a cheat; nevertheless he is the greatest of our race, and has done the mightiest work ever effected by man. If the restoration of the Minerva of PHIDIAS, according to the interpretation of the artistic consciousness, were to fare as badly as this restoration of the personality of Jesus, most restorers would prefer to stick to the historical texts.

What havoc would be made of secular history if it were to be subjected in this fashion to the caprices of the artistic imagination? The French Revolution was the reverse of æsthetic; it overturned, indeed, a social system in which the æsthetic sense was cultivated to the highest perfection; but it was in itself one of the ugliest facts. No study of harmonies can beautify MARAT and ROBESPIERRE; there they are, distorted by fanatic passion, but terribly real, and there they will be forever, unless some RENAN of the future attempts to "restore" them from the depths of his consciousness. He will reject what pleases him of "the texts," and say that MARAT and ROBESPIERRE must have been so and so. May it not be hoped, though, that the RENAN of the future will have the modesty not to call his restoration history? The harmonies of testimony are, in questions of fact, of more account than the harmonies of a poetic fancy. M. RENAN may, however, believe that in relation to the *Life of Jesus* historic certainty is unattainable. That is begging the question. Moreover, he does treat the Gospels as history, but reserves his right of arbitrary rejection; but if they are accepted as historical at all, the rejection of one passage or another must be determined by the weight of testimony, and not by mere caprice.

But we left M. RENAN, on the chilly morning of April 3, standing in the presence of the forty immortals and the representatives of the best culture of France. He has well earned his right to be there, for he is of the number of choice spirits whose devotion to literary art is a continual protest against the despotism of force under which continental Europe groans. An allusion in the address to Germany under its present masters as having a "science pedantic in its solitude, a literature without liveliness, a sulky policy, and a nobility without *esprit*," brought upon him a general attack from the German press. M. RENAN replied in a public letter with spirit. He deplores, as many scholars do, the change wrought by the empire in the temper of the German people. The leader of a gentle civilization, he complains, has become the iron-mailed knight, and has brought back the spirit of the Middle Ages. Addressing himself to the rulers of the empire, he tells them: "The genius of Germany is grand and graceful, and remains one of the most essential of the human mind; but you have put it in a vise, and it suffers. You are led astray by a dry and cold school, which crushes more than it develops. We are sure you will recover yourselves, and that one day we shall again be co-laborers in the search of all that can give grace, gayety, and happiness to life." Art, says VICTOR HUGO, is itself a country, which overpasses all the boundaries of time and nationality. In this passage RENAN speaks not as a Frenchman, but as one of the men of genius who aim, by means of literature, to elevate and refine mankind. The possession of this temper entitles him to our respect, however much we may deplore his aberrations from Christian truth.

GEORGE R. CROOKS.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

CHRISTMAS is always new—at least to the young folks, and they never tire of the holidays. It is very much the same, also, with those who may indeed be old in years, but who have kept their hearts fresh and young by cheerful thoughts and pleasant surroundings, and more especially by sympathetic intercourse with children. Perhaps some of them have looked forward to Christmas holidays feeling that they had neither time, nor thought, nor money, to expend in pleasure-getting or pleasure-giving; life seemed hard and stern to them, and they had as much as they could do to "get along." But the innocent, untroubled anticipations of the little ones, who know not the perplexities of hard times, softened their hearts, and unconsciously they found themselves planning with the children to have a happy time. And how little it really takes to make a child happy! It is not the number of toys received, nor the amount of money expended in candies, but the spirit of love and sympathy that pervades the household, which makes Christmas joyful. There are many, doubtless, who will lavishly expend money, to the injury of their children, during the holidays. But there are some, not so very unlike Scrooge, who are inclined to regard the festive time as useless and foolish. Wise are they who find the happy mean. Even the most busy, even those who have no money for gifts, may step aside from the dull routine of business and drudgery for a little while, and have a "good time." They will find themselves the gainers thereby—if they plan wisely and well—in freshened mind and invigorated body.

In the midst of all the agitation in Ireland in regard to the rights of landlords and tenants, rising up distinct from injustice and contentions and rebellion, is a practical question: How are the poor people of Ireland to be kept from starvation during the coming winter? There is an absolute deficiency of food, and no new crops can be raised for many months. That it is useless to expend eloquence in striving to quiet the starving peasantry should be plain to the dullest mind. Food is the thing first wanted, and there is little doubt but that America will warmly respond to the cry of distress.

Through the kindness of Professor Norton, of Harvard College, there has been placed on exhibition in this city a collection of over one hundred drawings and etchings by John Ruskin. A part of them were exhibited in London last year. The series of drawings, which includes many which have been reproduced in *Modern Painters*, *The Stones of Venice*, and *Examples of Architecture in Venice*, commences with map copies made when Ruskin was ten years old, and ends with drawings made the present year. The collection is full of interest to artists.

The net receipts of the Seventh Regiment Armory Fair are stated at over $100,000.

A singular and serious accident recently occurred in the Rensselaer Iron Mill, at Troy. While about two hundred workmen were engaged in their various tasks, suddenly the large fly-wheel, about thirty-five feet in diameter, and weighing nearly sixty tons, exploded, separating into huge fragments of several tons each. One fragment passed through the air about two hundred feet, and fell upon the roof of another mill. Strange as it may seem, only one man was fatally injured, although many narrowly escaped death. The wheel had been in use eleven years, and was frequently subjected to inspection.

Thirty destitute Poles recently arrived at this port from Liverpool. They stated that at home they had earned a scant living as miners and wood-choppers, and desired some employment of the same kind.

A few weeks ago there was an interesting sale of old furniture and curiosities at a picturesque villa near Genoa. The gem of the collection was a bronze Mercury, rather under life-size, of the sixteenth century, a reproduction of which is in the Museum of the Louvre. This is attributed by some to Benvenuto Cellini, and it was purchased for $20,000 for a museum in Germany. A picture by Meissonier, about fifteen inches by ten inches, a single figure of a cavalier playing a guitar, brought $5100; a white elephant in Dresden china, bearing a clock, went for $3400; a Salvator Rosa sold for $3000, and two very handsome carved oak cabinets, panels and figures of old carving, put together a perfect match, brought $1800. Among the curiosities was an old Venetian spinet with inscriptions, and a gorgeous sedan-chair, formerly used by the Dukes of Parma.

Sleepy Hollow and the surrounding region, whose loveliness and quietude awaken memories of Washington Irving, are about to be invaded by the iron horse. The new railway which is to run from High Bridge to Brewster's Station will traverse Sleepy Hollow, crossing Croton Lake at its narrowest point, and going to Lake Mahopac.

In Westchester County, not far from Peekskill, large deposits of emery have been found, which are likely to prove very valuable. The imported article is quite expensive, but it is estimated that this home product can be furnished at about one-tenth the cost of Turkish emery.

As Christmas falls on Thursday this year, the following quotation from an ancient manuscript in the British Museum may be apropos:

"If Xmas-day on Thursday be,
A windy winter ye shall see;
Windy weather in each week,
And hard tempests, strong and thick;
The summer shall be good and dry,
Corn and beasts shall multiply;
That year is good for lands to till,
Kings and princes shall die by skill;
If a child born that day shall be,
It shall happen right well for he;
Of deeds he shall be good and stable,
Wise of speech and reasonable;
Whoso that day goes thieving about,
He shall be punished without doubt;
And if sickness that day betide,
It shall quickly from thee glide."

Being sent to the Small-pox Hospital when one has contracted that dreaded disease must be unpleasant enough; but to be forced to go there by authority, and to learn that the physician who pronounced upon the malady was mistaken, and it is not the small-pox at all, is not only unpleasant, but irritating. But something of this kind was the experience of a lady of this city not long ago. "Mistakes may happen," etc., is the proverb; but mistakes of this kind should be rare.

The citizens of Memphis have been at work in earnest taking precautions against a recurrence of yellow fever next season. The people there are of one mind now—they agree to the absolute necessity of thorough and prompt cleansing, in view of the sad experience of the past two years.

At the annual meeting of the Children's Aid Society it was shown that during the past year homes have been found for 3713 children, at an average expense of little over eight dollars for each child. The number who enjoyed the benefit of the "Summer Home" was 2912, the average cost of this recuperative change being $1 80 for each one.

Renouncing her birthright was one of the ceremonies that preceded the recent marriage of the Archduchess Christine to the King of Spain. In conformity to the family regulatiou, every princess of the imperial family who contracts a foreign marriage is bound to renounce both for herself and her heirs the right of succession to the throne, and also of inheritance in case of any members of the family dying intestate. In the presence of the Emperor, the Archdukes, the state ministers, the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna, and many other dignities, the Archduchess made the formal renunciation, took the prescribed oath, and signed the required documents.

Bellevue Hospital was a scene of confusion not long ago, when, about eleven o'clock at night, a fire broke out in the southern pavilion. This pavilion was built of wood, and was mainly occupied by sick women and children. The inmates were taken out as soon as possible, but the flames and smoke quickly filled the building, so that it was impossible to enter, and it was discovered afterward that three children—one a boy about nine years old, and two infants—were burned to death. The origin of the fire remains a mystery.

Opportunities for women to obtain as extended an education as men are rapidly multiplying in this country as well as in Europe. There are now about fifty girls among the students of Cornell University, and over one hundred and thirty in the Michigan University.

A memorial church dedicated to the late William Ellery Channing will soon be erected at Newport, Rhode Island. The corner-stone will be laid on April 7, 1880, the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Channing. The exercises connected with this ceremony will be of special interest. The Channing Memorial Church will be built on Pelham Street, directly opposite the Old Stone Mill in Touro Park.

Two little incidents are related of General Grant during his Western trip which show—what is already well known—his special fondness for little children. The incidents occurred, we think, in Chicago. A lovely little girl, daughter of a well-known citizen, was resolved to obtain Grant's autograph; but in her childish excitement had forgotten to take her album from home. So she begged a card from a gentleman in the crowd, and then, watching her opportunity during a lull in the presentations, pounced upon him with, "Mister Grant, oh, do please give a little girl your autograph."

He turned quickly, placed his hands upon her shoulders and head, and said, "My little child, I'll do it if you'll pay me for it."

Aghast and bewildered, she stammered: "How? how?"

"With a great big, big kiss," he answered.

No sooner were these words out of his mouth than the child fairly sprang upon him, and one, two, three, great rousing smacks followed. The little girl then got the autograph, in pencil, of "U. S. Grant."

At another time a little news-girl pushed her dirty, excited, but interested face through the crowd to the front, gazing intently at General Grant. He noticed her at once, and divined that the little outcast desired recognition. "She wants to touch your hand, General," said a friend who stood beside him.

"She shall shake it," he replied, as he beckoned to the girl to come forward. She came, with great wondering eyes, and a scared, white face. "Here, my little girl," said Grant, re-assuringly. He reached afar out, grasped the dirty hand, and held it tenderly for no short time. It was a little thing for him to do, but the multitude saw it came out of his heart, and a burst of enthusiastic applause showed that the act had touched the hearts of thousands.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A HARTFORD clerical friend, who knows the *dramatis personæ*, informs us of this occurrence, which took place a few Sundays ago in a Sunday-school not more than twenty miles from that city. "Is there," asked the teacher of her juvenile class, "any mention in the Bible of any dumb animal talking?" Long and awkward pause. At last one little seven-year-old lifts her hand. "Can you tell?" asks the teacher. "Yeth 'm. After the whale had thwallered Jonah he felt very uncomfortable round *here*" (rubbing her lower stomach), "and he exclaimed, 'Thou almotht perthuadeth me to be a Chrithtian.'" [*Tableau.*

As two newly arrived Irishmen were walking up street in San Francisco, a pavement trap-door opened suddenly, and a Chinese store porter emerged. "Begorra!" said one of them, "if the haythens haven't got a tunnel clane through from China, bad luck to thim!"

The man who sits on a bent pin is apt to speak to the point.

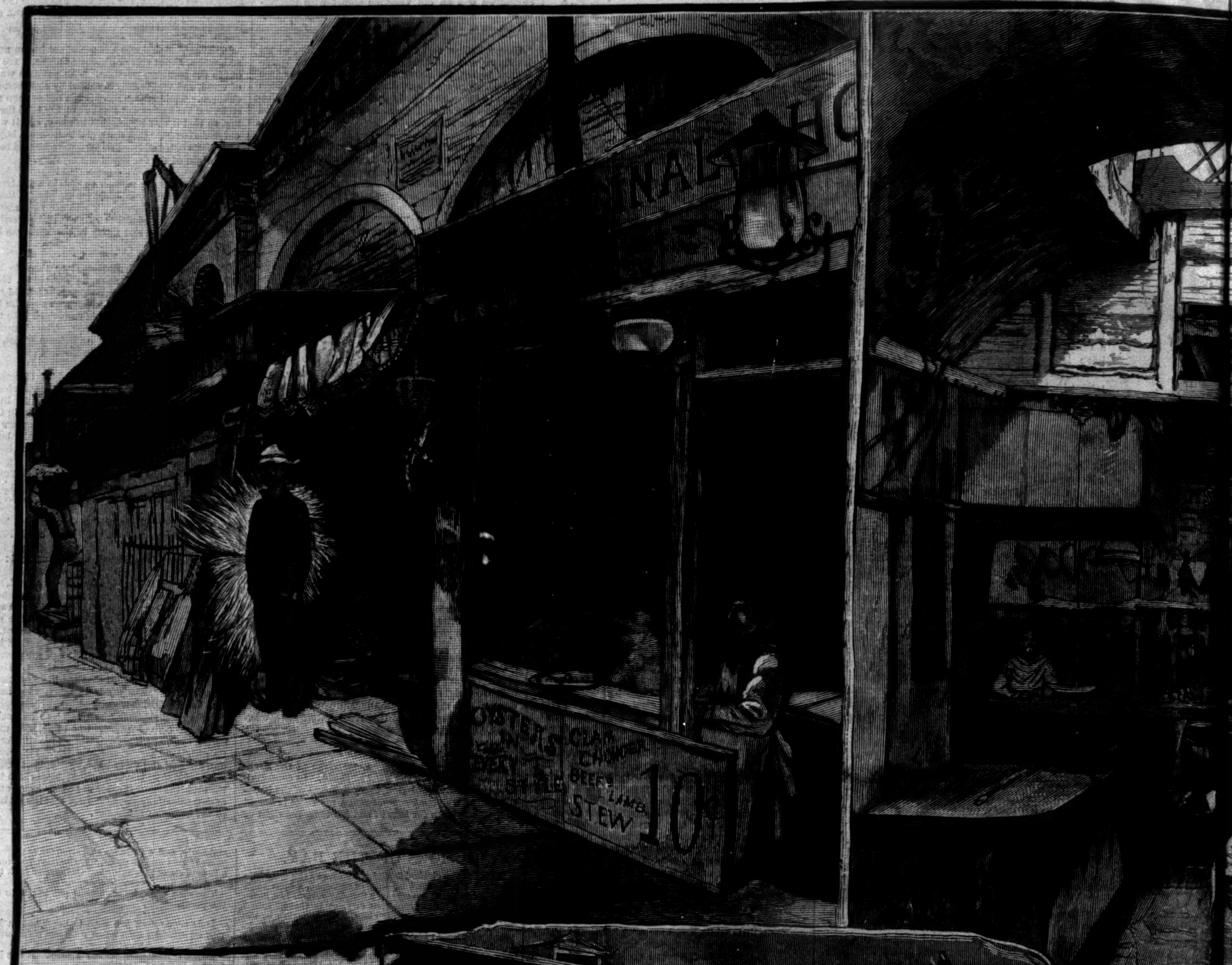
It is very easy for a man to breakfast in bed if he will be satisfied with a few rolls and a turnover.

Paper is now used for car wheels. It has been used for tracts for a long time.

A lady who had quarrelled with her bald-headed lover said, in dismissing him, "What is delightful about you, my friend, is that I have not the trouble of sending you back any locks of hair."

A RETIRING DISPOSITION.

IMPECUNIOUS PERSON. "The news? Well, Sir, there is a great desire to have the Greenbacks retired. I've done my share, and retired all mine. Could I be of any assistance to you, Sir?"



SKETCHES IN FULTON MARKET.—Dra...

[...]T.—D[...] by William A. Rogers.—[See Page 1006.]

DAVIE'S WOOING.

"O JENNY, cease your merry song,
And stay your busy spinning;
Ye ken that I've been wooing long,
And yet I'm but beginning;
For aye something or ither's wrong,
And sets me back in winning.

"If I were just some bonnie flower
Upon your breast reclining,
Maybe you'd ken in some bright hour
That I for you was pining;
Maybe I'd find some unkent power
My heart with yours combining.

"Or if I was some bonnie bird,
Say just a cushat cooing,
Or if a summer breeze that stirr'd
Whatever you was doing,
I think perhaps I might be heard,
And make some speed in wooing.

"O lassie, if I only knew
The ways of ither's wiling,
What bonnie bird or flower might do
In Love's most sweet beguiling,
Perhaps then when I came to woo
I too might find you smiling."

"'Deed, Davie lad, you're much mista'en
For bird or flower to tarry;
I hate to gie a body pain,
If you your plea would carry.
Come as yoursel', and say out plain,
'Jenny, when shall we marry?'"

FULTON MARKET AND ITS PREDECESSORS.

THE manner in which a town or city is supplied with the food necessary to its inhabitants, all of whom are consumers and not producers, is not a subject of romantic interest, and this is perhaps the reason that so many of the historians of New York city are so reticent about the establishment and growth of our markets. Some few facts, however, are in our possession, and these are by no means without interest, even to those who follow literally the Scriptural injunction, and take no thought wherewithal they shall be fed.

The first establishment of public markets in New York may be said to have been effected in 1659. Some attempt, without permanent success, had been previously made toward this object, and the custom had until this time commonly prevailed of country people bringing their products to town and retailing them from door to door, or waiting at convenient localities for transient custom. In the spirit of progress which prevailed in 1656, it was enacted that "whereas divers articles, such as meat, pork, butter, cheese, turnips, cabbage, and other country produce, are from time to time brought here by people living in the country, and oftentimes wait at the Strand [the foot of Whitehall Street] without the people living out of that immediate neighborhood knowing that such things are for sale in town, therefore it is ordered that from this day forward Saturday in each week shall be appointed as market-day, the articles to be brought on the beach near Mr. HANS KIERSTED'S house, of which all shall take notice." The house of Dr. KIERSTED here referred to occupied the present northeast corner of Pearl and Whitehall streets. The country market, or place for the standing of country wagons, remained at this place for many subsequent years.

In 1658 a meat market was established, and a small house erected for that purpose on the plain in front of the fort, or the present site of the Bowling Green, and in 1659 a great yearly fair for the sale of cattle was established in this city, the exchange or meeting-place for the buyers and sellers being at the present Bowling Green. The cattle were ranged along the west side of Broadway, posts having been driven in front of the church-yard (near Morris Street), to which the animals were fastened. This great fair commenced annually on the 20th of October, and closed the last of November, its duration being therefore about six weeks. This was the principal season of trade in New Amsterdam. Strangers from all the neighboring country, extending to the English settlements in Connecticut and on Long Island, were thus attracted to the city. During that time no stranger was liable to arrest for debt, and every encouragement was given to induce the assemblage of a large concourse of people. This yearly fair continued to be held in the city for more than thirty years subsequently.

The "Strand" continued to be the grand rendezvous for country wagons with their loads of food of all description until 1732, when the city corporation divided it into building lots, which were sold at public auction. Twenty years later we find quite a number of flourishing markets in different parts of the city. One was situated at the foot of Broad Street; another at Coenties Corner, now Coenties Slip (a name derived from the familiar and traditionary appellation of an owner of property on the "corner.") This was Mr. CONRAET TEN EYCK, one of the early inhabitants, familiarly called "Coentje." The grandchildren of Mr. TEN EYCK procured an extensive water-privilege, in the year 1740, at their property on Coenties Corner. Another market was at the foot of Wall Street; another at Burghers' Path, or Old Slip; another, commonly known as the Fly Market, was at the foot of Maiden Lane. In short, at the foot of each street along the East River front was a market. In the centre of the city were several market-places. Broad Street from Wall Street to Exchange Place was a public stand for country wagons. A market was also erected in the centre of Broadway, opposite what is at present Liberty Street.

In all of these markets oysters and all kinds of edible shell-fish formed a great staple. Mollusks at this period were no less a favorite article of food than they are at present among New-Yorkers; but it is amusing to read the comments of Professor KALM, who, visiting this city in 1748, viewed with amazement the manner in which the inhabitants consumed this species of food. "On the shore of the continent," he writes, "we saw some very fine sloping corn fields, which at present looked quite green, the corn being already up. We saw many boats in which the fishermen were busy catching oysters. To this purpose they make use of a kind of rakes with long iron teeth, bent inward; these they used either single or two tied together in such a manner that the teeth were turned toward each other. About New York they find innumerable quantities of excellent oysters, and there are few places which have them of such an exquisite taste and of so great a size; they are pickled, and sent to the West Indies and other places. Oysters are reckoned very wholesome; some people assured us that they have not felt the least inconvenience after eating a considerable quantity of them. It is likewise a common rule here that they are best in those months which have an *r* in their name—such as September, October, etc., but that they are not so good in other months; however, there are poor people who live all the year long upon nothing but oysters with bread. Lobsters are likewise plentifully caught hereabout, pickled in the same manner as oysters, and sent to several places. I was told of a very remarkable circumstance about these lobsters, and I have since heard it frequently mentioned. The coast of New York had already European inhabitants for a considerable time, and yet no lobsters were to be met with on that coast; and though the people fished ever so often, they could never find any signs of lobsters being in this part of the sea. They were therefore continually brought in great well-boats from New England, where they are plentiful. But it happened that one of these well-boats broke in pieces near Hell Gate, about ten miles from New York, and all the lobsters in it got off. Since that time they have so multiplied in this part of the sea that they are now caught in the greatest abundance. Among the shells that are found on the sea-shore there are some which by the English here are called clams, and which bear some resemblance to the human ear. They have a considerable thickness, and are chiefly white, excepting the pointed end, which both without and within has a blue color, between purple and violet. They are met with in vast numbers on the sea-shore of New York, Long Island, and other places. The shells contain a large animal, which is eaten both by the Indians and Europeans settled here; a considerable commerce is carried on in the article with such Indians as live further up the country. When these people inhabited the coast they were able to catch their own clams, which at that time made a great part of their food; but at present this is the business of the Dutch and the English who live in the neighborhood. As soon as the shell is caught, the fish is taken out of them, drawn upon a wire, and hung up in the open air, in order to dry by the heat of the sun. When this is done, the flesh is put into proper vessels, and carried to Albany, upon the river Hudson; there the Indians buy them, and reckon them one of their best dishes."

The old "Fly Market," predecessor of Fulton Market, was for a long time the place where the citizens of New York procured their largest supplies of edibles. Its singular name was no doubt derived from that of a low salt-water marsh or meadow which at an early period extended from Wall Street along the East River shore, on the crooked line of Pearl Street, then the high-water mark, up to the rising ground about Beekman Street. The records show, as early as 1665, that this marsh was called by old Dutchmen Smee's Vlie, Smidt's Vley, which the English portion of the citizens called Smith's Fly, Smith's Valley, or Smith's Meadow, adopting the sound of the name without the sense; and the name of Fly, Smith's Fly, or "in the Fly," was known for this portion of the city, and it also was occasionally used as denoting the present Pearl Street, until near 1800. The name of Vlie, or Vley, or Fly, was no doubt meant to designate meadow-land, as we find occasionally Smith's Meadow, or Middow, noticed. On the 6th of September, 1699, the inhabitants of Queen (Pearl) Street laid before the court a petition "praying that a market be appointed at 'Countess Key,' and that they will build a convenient market-house at their own charge for the public benefit." The petition was granted, and it was ordered "that the inhabitants of the said street, at their own cost and charge, have liberty to erect any public building at 'Countess Key' aforesaid for the convenience and ornament of the city." Although their petition was granted at this time, yet it appears by the following extract that the market was not built until nearly seven years after. In the proceedings held 20th of June, 1706, we read: "Pursuant to an order of the court bearing date the 6th day of September, 1699, authorizing the inhabitants of Queen Street to build a convenient market-house at their own charge, for the public benefit, at 'Countess Key,' it is hereby ordered that such market-house as the said inhabitants shall erect and build, at their own charge, betwixt the houses of Captain JOHN DEPEYSTER and BARNARDUS SMITH, at the north end of the slip at Countess Key aforesaid, be appointed and continue a public market and market-house of this city forever." On the 16th of October, 1711, "it was ordained that from henceforth the country people who frequent the markets of this corporation have liberty to expose their meat for sale in the public market by the joynt or otherwise, as they shall see convenient, first paying the fees of the clerk of the market for the same; and that if any flesh be exposed to sale by the joynt by any country people before the fees of the clerk of the market are paid, the same shall be forfeited to the use of the poor of this city."

In 1740 the business in and around the Fly Market began to show an improved state. In fact, the city on the east side was much more populous than on the west, and just around the public markets appeared to be the common centre for the transaction of trade of all kinds. Slaves were then owned by those who could afford them, and they were bought and sold both at this and the other markets. The "old reports," dating about 1750, would often show notices like the following:

TO be sold at public vendue on Saturday morning next at the Fly Market, a negro man who can work and do all sorts of household work.

Here, then, at this age our public markets answered a double purpose, for in them was not only sold the dead flesh which tended to keep body and soul together, but living bodies with souls therein.

Supplies were usually conveyed to the Fly Market by water, either in small boats or by the ferries, and but few were brought in wagons or carts, except by those who lived some distance from the city on New York Island. Occasionally the markets were poorly supplied, because of severe storms, strong tides, etc., which gave opportunity for the now numerous forestallers to take advantage of these circumstances by advancing the prices. In 1810 the corporation ordered the removal of the fish cars to Brooklyn, which of course caused great dissatisfaction among the fishermen, resulting at last in the permission to place them "at the end of the slip." In 1819 the question of the removal of Fly Market began to be agitated. The Grand Jury, in September of that year, presented it as a nuisance, and said in their report that "this market is built over a common sewer conducting the water from Maiden Lane and the adjoining streets to the East River. The sewer has no covering under the meat market, between Pearl and Front streets, but the floor of the market, which is loosely laid, is taken up whenever it is necessary to cleanse it. On the sides of the market are a number of apertures into this sewer, which are receptacles of filth and garbage from the taverns, fruit stands, and cook shops adjoining thereto, creating offensive and pestilential matter, and infecting the atmosphere with the nauseous vapors at this season of the year. But although a sense of duty compels the Grand Jury to present this market as a nuisance, they are pleased to avow that it is in as cleanly a state as its confined situation will admit, but which forces on them the conviction that this market ought to be removed to a site more favorable to cleanliness and comfort." The presentation of the Grand Jury, however, had no effect upon the Market Committee, who on the 24th of January reported against its removal. The business, however, decreased so fast that the butchers petitioned for its removal, and were ably seconded by the farmers and other inhabitants of Kings County. About that time a fire destroyed the buildings standing on the block now occupied by Fulton Market, and petitions from the butchers asked that a new market might be erected on this site. These appeals were so powerful that the fate of old Fly Market was decided, and Fulton Market ordered to be built.

This market, which has for years presented a dilapidated and disreputable appearance, is a low, shambling structure, cut up into aisles and stalls of the most irregular shape and style. Some of the oyster saloons are handsomely fitted up, as is also the principal fish stand. Our artist, as may be seen by reference to our double-page engraving, finds plenty of picturesque material in the market; but as such structures are not erected for picturesque effect, it is to be hoped that before long a new and more convenient building will take its place.

Fulton Market divides with Washington Market the duty of supplying New York and Brooklyn with fish, game, oysters, poultry, "butcher's meat," vegetables, and other kinds of food. The amount of business transacted daily within its limits is enormous. From early morning until into the night it is the scene of constant bustle and activity, and the visitor is amply repaid who walks leisurely among the stalls and stands, noting the almost innumerable products, and learning how almost every climate of the globe is laid under contribution to feed the inhabitants of the metropolis.

THE SILVER HORSESHOE.

II.

THE days were beginning to shorten. I love the gloaming, and was not sorry to welcome the soft dusk a wee bit earlier each day. Baby liked it too, I think; for twilight makes idle fingers, and I had more time to toss him up and down, and listen to the merry music of his crows of pleasure. However sad and anxious at other times, I always managed to cheer up when baby made his appearance in my sitting-room; and oh! what comfort I found in the touch of his velvet-soft cheek cuddled up against mine, and his little pink-palmed hands clinging round my finger!

Well, one day, or rather one afternoon, as the shadows were lengthening out, and the robin was piping the first notes of his plaintive even-song, I sat alone in my cozy morning-room.

My mother (I call her thus because in my creed John's belongings were mine too) had been ailing for a day or two. The strain of anxious, loving thought for her son had told upon that fragile frame, wearing it as the sharp sword wears the scabbard.

For our troubles were black around us as ever. "If I had dealt unfairly by a single man in my employ, I would own to the wrong and make reparation," my darling said. "Some hands have just cause to complain of the masters; mine have none. I will not budge one inch."

It seems to me that I am telling my story in a strange desultory fashion, but I can not help it: I give you the memories of those days as they rise one by one before me.

The illness of Mrs. Otway kept her a prisoner to her own home, and day by day I went to sit beside her couch, and talk of John, and of scarce aught else. Women who are leal and true can give sweet store of comfort to each other in time of trouble by community of sympathy, even if they be but close friends; how much more, then, could we two, to each of whom the man upon whose head sorrow had fallen was the best and dearest!

Baby, on the day of which I now write, and from which I seem ever wandering in devious pathways of thought, had seen fit to take his sleep at an unwonted hour; so I was alone in the deepening twilight for once.

The house was very still just then, for the servants were at their tea, and a thick, green-baized door shut off their premises from the rest of the rooms. It was so quiet that through the open window I could hear Lassie whinny softly in her stable across the yard; so quiet that the sound of my own name, spoken hurriedly and almost in a whisper, made me start, and seemed, as it were, to tear the mantle of silence that was brooding over the early autumn evening.

"Mistress Otway! Mistress Otway!" said the voice, "for God's sake coom round to t' door, and let me in. I'm nigh dropping!"

In a moment I had reached the porch, opened the door, and was half supporting, half leading, a figure so ghostly, so death-like, that it might almost have been taken for a visitant from the spirit-world.

It was Jim Stevens's wife—a woman haggard and fever-wasted, and whom I had seen, only the day before, lying weak and wan, with her two-days-old baby by her side.

"Lizzie!" I cried, as she staggered into my room, and still holding my arm in a wild, convulsive grasp, gasped out something I could not understand, "are you mad?"

"Ay, a'most," she whispered, raising her fever-bright eyes to mine, and wiping the sweat from her poor thin face with a corner of her shawl. "Listen, lady!" she went on: "if they miss me fro' my bed, and Jim learns as I've coom oop here, I'm a dead woman; he'll brak every boan in my body, as sure as theer's a God above; but I dunnot care. Yo've bin a good friend to me, and the like o' me, and I woant see yo' made a widder, and yer little one fatherless."

The words struck me like blows, felling me where I stood with their terrible force.

On my knees, with my head in that poor creature's lap, I wrestled with a pang so awful that as I write about it now, after long years, it seems to rive my heart again.

"Nay," said Lizzie, lifting my bowed head with her poor shaking hands, "yo' munna greet—yo' mun be strong and hale—for the sake o' him as loves yo'. If summat ain't done, he'll be carried whoam to yo' dead this neet, wi' a bullet i' his bress."

"My God! my God!" I cried, staggering to my feet, "help me!"

"Ay, I say Amen to that, lady," said Lizzie, catching my hand, and pressing it against her bosom. "Yo've helpt others: happen God 'ull mind that now, and help yo'."

"What can I do? Tell me—tell me the whole truth, Lizzie. See, I'm strong and hale now; God has helped me already. He has put courage into my heart."

"Thou'll need it, my lass," said Lizzie, forgetting, in her eager trouble, all barriers of class, for pain, the great leveller, set us for the nonce side by side, just two sorrowing, timorous women, and nothing more. "It's Jim as is at t' bottom o' it all—may God forgive me for speakin' agen my mon, Mistress Otway—I wadna, but it's to hinder murder bein' done, and afore I tell thee, wilt swear that ne'er a word shall pass thy lips to hurt him? He's a bad mon, I know; but for a' that he's my mon—and it's hard for ony woman to speak up agen her mon."

In sorest anguish of impatience, I wrung my hands, the one in the other, and with lips as white as Lizzie's own swore the oath she craved for.

Then she told me all the shameful story.

The foreign workmen whom (so report had it) John had decided to employ were on their way to the north: there was no chance now of bringing the owner of Otway Mills on his knees. The furnace of hate, heated seven times with the fuel of drink, seethed like a mighty caldron. Jim stirred it with bitter, angry words. He had been at fault more than once, and at last dismissed: he had wrongs to revenge, he said—they all had.

Thus the evil tongue tried to stir up strife; but only one or two other turbulent spirits like himself would be led into plotting against the master. These then had laid a foul plot—the plot that poor faithful Lizzie had left her bed of weakness and pain to warn me of.

"You know," she said, "the big wood wheer t' two roaads meet, half way 'twixt here an' t' mills? Weel, they're to watch for him passing by theer on his black horse, and, oh! my lady, the shot 'ull coom from behind the trees!"

"When—when?" I almost shrieked.

"To-neet," she whispered, hoarsely, as though she feared the very walls would tell Jim of her great treachery. "Theer's no toime to lose. Thee must go theesel'; they'n know summut's up if ony other body goes by. Which o' the roaads does the meester coom by?" she added, with a sudden look of dread in her eyes that was mirrored in my own.

"Sometimes one, sometimes the other," I wailed. "Oh, I can not tell which!"

"It's hard on thee," she said, with wonderful, pitiful lovingness. "How wilt thou knaw which way to gang?"

"How, indeed?"

"One—two—three—four," rang out the little clock upon the bracket by the window. We both started, and Lizzie gathered her shawl about her.

"I must gang my way," she said, her head drooping on her breast.

But she lingered a moment more, holding my hand close, and peering eagerly into my face.

"If Jim ketches me," she said, "if he murders me, if I see thy face no more, dunna forget my little 'un, for Heaven's love!"

"No, no," I cried; "but do not speak such words; they break my heart. God keep you from harm! He will! He will!"

She shook her head, and a tear trickled down her cheek. "Tell thy errand to none," she said, earnestly. "The men love the sight o' thy bonny face, even the roughest of 'em; but they're not theirsel's now; they're loike wild beasts mad wi' the taste o' blood; they'd shoot yo' down loike a rat if they guessed yer errand."

I had hurriedly fetched a glass of wine, and now held it to her drawn lips.

"Drink's a good servant, but a bad master," she said, when she had swallowed it, "and happen I'll get whoam the better for that. Good-by, my lady."

I have always been impulsive—at least I believe so; at all events, in another moment my lips were pressed against Lizzie's sunken cheek, and her tears and mine mingled. We stood thus, hand in hand, no longer divided by any thought of class or caste, only two sobbing, troubled women, and then—

Like a shade that had come and gone, as a strange apparition might do, the tall figure, with the shabby shawl gathered snood-like over its head, had glided away among the trees, and I was left alone to think.

Time—precious time—was passing by. I had how long to reach the mills? Scarce an hour.

How should I go? By which of the two roads would John come? I stood out on the green velvety lawn where of an evening he smoked his cigar while I sat by. I remembered this as I stood there, and had to crush back a cry that rose to my lips.

Just at that moment once more a low soft whinny came from Lassie's stable. Then I knew.

The groom was crossing the yard; and speaking measuredly, as one in no great haste, I told him to saddle the little mare. "I am going to ride to meet your master; you need not come with me."

Then I turned hastily toward the house, fearing some expression of surprise upon the man's part.

I remembered what Lizzie had said: "Let no one know thy errand."

To fly rather than walk to my bedroom, to equip myself in my riding dress in so short a time that it was a wonder mortal fingers could achieve the task, and then, just for one moment, to steal to my darling's little bed, not to weep—tears weaken at such a time—but just to kiss the cheek flushed in sleep, and lying in such sweet repose upon the tiny open palm.

"Oh, baby!" I said, bowing my head upon my hands as I knelt, "I am going to save him—for you and for me!" And I sobbed, though my eyes were dry.

Who, watching a sleeping infant, has not seen that sudden, ineffable smile that, like a sunbeam playing on the petals of a flower, parts the sweet milk-bedewed lips, and passes swiftly as it came?

I chose to take that smile as a good omen; I chose to think Heaven's angel in my hour of need stood by me, and the closed violets of my darling's eyes saw the ministering presence.

I heard the clatter of Lassie's hoofs upon the stones of the yard. I staid one fleeting instant at the nursery door, and then down the stairs, out through the pretty porch, one spring to the saddle.

Oh, it did not take long, and we were on our way—on our way upon the journey that meant life or death for him and for me, worse than death if the worst befell.

I dared not hurry much at first; I knew that the hedges had eyes, and the trees ears. How they sighed above my head as the evening wind swayed them gently!

I clinched my hand on the handle of my riding-whip. I set my teeth hard. I fought for patience.

Every moment was a "jewel of great price," and yet I dared not hurry. Not yet. Once the horrible gloom of the thick wood past, and then the terrible choice between the two roads would lie before me.

My heart beat so thick and fast I scarce could draw my breath; and just as we were near the thickest part of the bush and trees, something stirred, while Lassie gave a sudden start, and then a bound.

"Steady, steady, little one," I said, speaking out loud; "it is but a poor, silly sheep that has strayed into the wood."

Lassie trembled, as I could feel; but she stepped on quietly enough, and—Heaven knows where a woman's strength comes from at such times—I let the reins drop loosely on her shining neck, and sang to myself as I went along.

The ears that listened could not think a woman rode a race of life and death for the sake of the man she loved—could they?

We had reached the fork of the two roads; the dark shadow of the wood lay behind us. A touch, and the mare stood still.

"Which? which? O my God! help me! guide me!" I prayed.

Then I let the rein drop on Lassie's neck, closed my eyes, and gently urged her on. She took the way that lay to the left. The choice was made.

Maddening thoughts throbbed in my brain. Was John, even now, as Lassie's willing hoofs rang out on the hard road, coming along the almost parallel route, each step of his trusty steed leading him nearer death? Or had some blessed chance delayed him? Should I find him at the mill? Would Heaven be so merciful as that to me?

Three miles! three miles! Did ever the road, gleaming palely white before me in gathering dusk, seem so long before? The night, like a soft curtain, was falling upon the world: I saw a single star glimmering above; the robin sang no more.

We were in the open country; we passed no more dwellings where lights twinkled through the trees, and seemed to speak of human companionship and happy homes. Alone in the twilight two solitary figures—my little mare and I.

"On, Lassie, on!" I cried to her. "Faster! faster!"

I saw the smoky canopy that overhung the town, though now—ominous sign!—it was less dense than its wont. I could have cried aloud for joy.

"Lassie! Lassie! make good speed, little mare—we have not an instant to spare!"

The road seemed to rush along beneath us.

"Quicker! quicker! make good speed—make good speed, little mare."

I touched her flanks lightly with my whip; she tossed her pretty head, flung off the white foam that had gathered on her bridle, and sprang forward with added life and spirit.

"Lassie! dear Lassie! bonnie Lassie! see, the tall chimneys are in sight; we are getting near him now, Lassie; we shall save him yet."

I knew not what wild words I uttered in my mad excitement. Hitherto I had managed to keep the curb upon my terror and my pain; but now, as the goal of my desires was nearly reached, I could have tossed my arms aloft, I could have shrieked out to the night, I could have been guilty of any mad thing.

At the entrance to the town I drew rein, and Lassie and I tried to look as quiet and respectable as we could, as we passed through the narrow streets, where men stood about in little groups, and women, with poor starved-looking children clinging to their petticoats, stared at me and my panting steed. The great gates that led into the mill yard were closed.

How strange a contrast to when they stood widely open, and a swarm of men, like bees out of a hive, came pouring through them, while the great bell, that meant "work is over," clanged out its welcome message!

A man looked through a grating, and not without some curt expressions of amaze.

"Has the master gone?" I asked, in a voice that did not sound like mine.

"Noa, my leddy," he answered in the hard north-country tongue.

Once inside the yard, I stepped from my saddle, and left Lassie standing there panting and foam-flecked. Gathering my habit in my hand, I went up the steps into the cold whitewashed passages, and so on to a room I knew well—John's room.

He was writing at a table, and the flaring gas above his head showed me his face, grave and anxious, change to a look of uttermost surprise as he saw his wife standing in the doorway.

Perhaps the moment of relief is more trying than the suffering we have waded through to reach it—I can not tell; but I know that as I met my husband's eyes, as I saw John there before me, as I realized the mighty truth that he was saved, I gave a great cry, and fell down without sense or life at his feet.

These things happened a long time ago. People have almost forgotten the year of the great strikes. I have not.

Baby is a young giant now, a head taller than his mother, and owns a sister whose inches reach well-nigh to his stalwart shoulder. John still smokes upon the lawn of a summer's evening, while I sit by; but I tell him he is growing fat and lazy. At which he laughs, and says he shall soon turn Otway Mills over to his son altogether.

Our mother rests now from all earthly sorrow, and her memory is like a beautiful presence amongst us.

On the table in my own sitting-room is a little hoof, shod in a silver shoe. The relic is kept under a glass shade, and I always dust it with my own hands. I am sure you will know without my telling you that it is held dear for the sake of Lassie, the little mare. You will divine that it is one of those willing feet that carried me to Otway Mills, through the dusk of a memorable day, to save a life dearer than my own.

That dear life cost another, for poor Lizzie left her baby motherless, and I had to fulfill my promise. Weakened with fever and her recent trial, the strain of that errand of love that she set out upon to warn me of her husband's plot against mine, proved too much for her feeble frame.

I kept my oath sacredly, and no one save John and I ever knew that Jim's wife, with a noble disloyalty, "spoke up agen her mon."

CHARCOAL BURNING.

THE material for the interesting group of sketches on page 1009 was gathered by our artist in that section of New Jersey where charcoal burning is the absorbing industry. These "coal lands" stretch for miles, and support a population that in manners and customs resembles that of mining districts. Timber is allowed to grow thirty or forty years before being converted into charcoal. The predominant growth is the various species of oak and pine. A curious superstition exists among the "coalers," that where pine is cut off, oak will take its place, and *vice versa*. Lands where the timber has recently been burned are called "coal bottoms," of which there are wide stretches, mostly flat, covered with stumps and small tree sprouts but a few feet high. Farms are rarely seen in this section, partly because the soil is poor, but more especially on account of the preference of the proprietors for keeping their lands intact. The charcoal burners live in a very primitive manner, and have usually been engaged in the business for several generations. Families grow up in the woods, frequently without neighbors, and miles away from any town. In many cases neither parents nor children have ever seen the inside of either church or school-house. According to the reports of those who have visited the region, the favorite vice of the people is drunkenness; they are unthrifty and disinclined to work, and will amuse themselves with various sports, pitching horseshoes being the most popular, the elders entering into the game with all the spirit of the youngsters. Their food is naturally of the simplest and coarsest character, pieced out in summer with the huckleberries and cranberries with which the district abounds. Men, women, and children perform their share of the labor with little regard to age or sex, and an ordinary coal burner's family will clear several acres of timber in a season.

In the ordinary mode of manufacturing charcoal in heaps, the sticks of wood are piled up, sometimes in horizontal and sometimes in vertical layers, around a central opening, which extends from the top to the bottom of the heap. The heaps are conical, or perhaps hemispherical, from ten to thirty or forty feet in diameter, and of a height of about twelve feet. The outer surface, after being made even with chips or twigs, is covered with small branches, leaves, straw, or moss, upon which sods are laid, together with the charcoal dust of previous burnings. This dust is mixed with sufficient earth to give it consistency, and when moistened the mixture makes the best of all coverings. The sticks of wood to be charred are of any convenient size, and are closely packed, the interstices between the larger sticks being filled with smaller ones. The central vertical opening in the heap is left for a chimney, and for the introduction of the fire to ignite the heap. To facilitate this a horizontal opening is left in the bottom of the heap, extending from its periphery to the central opening. Around the bottom of the heap other smaller openings are made for the admission of air and the escape of the volatile products. As the charring process proceeds, these small openings are closed, and new ones made nearer the top of the heap, and in other places, as it is found desirable to check the process in some parts and to hasten it in others. The heap is fired in the centre at the bottom, and the fire gradually spreads in all directions, but especially toward the openings by which the air is admitted. The first matter that escapes is aqueous vapor, which partly condenses in the cover of the heap, moistening it, and then passes off in a yellowish smoke. This vapor is followed by a smoke which is at first of a lighter color, and then becomes black and dense, emitting the odor of pyroligneous acid, which grows stronger to the end of the process. The carbonization, first completed at the centre and top of the heap, gradually extends down its sides, and in a heap half charred the finished portion has the form of an inverted cone, the apex of which is at the bottom of the vertical axis of the heap. As the line between the finished and unfinished portions moves downward, the openings for the admission of air are kept in advance of it, and upper openings are closed as lower ones are made. The completion of the charring of each part of the heap is indicated by the smoke emerging from the part changing from a black and dense appearance to a transparent light bluish color. The tarry matters, which collect mostly toward the end of the operation, run out in channels made for the purpose beneath and around the heap. When the entire heap is completely charred, all its openings are closed, and it is then left for one or two days, after which it is partially uncovered, and the charcoal drawn out and spread around in thin layers. This is best done at night, so that if any of the charcoal remains ignited, it can be quickly seen and quenched. The time required for the process varies with the size of the heap and the state of the weather. Small heaps may be charred in a week, and large ones require three weeks.

On the other side of the water charcoal is in some cases prepared quite differently from the mode followed in our own country. In Scotland, for instance, large quantities are prepared for the iron-works in the following manner: A platform having a diameter of from twenty to thirty feet is formed on the ground by laying strata of earth upon it, and giving it a slightly convex surface. On the centre of this circular area a circle of sticks is so placed that they cross each other a little below the top, and thus form a cavity having the shape of a sugar-loaf, around which successive concentric layers of truncheons having a diameter of from one to ten inches are placed, care being taken that the truncheons in the same circle are of the same size, and as few interstices as possible left. The exterior circle is composed entirely of brush-wood. When the platform is nearly covered, a coating of turf is laid on the pile, the grassy side being next to the wood. Dry earth is then heaped up around the lower part, and well rammed down, so as to exclude all air. The pile is then lighted by placing a few ignited chips of wood in the interior cavity, and when these are consumed, others are added, during the first three or four days. When the upper part of the pile is completely ignited, a row of holes, each of which has a diameter of two inches, is made around it a few inches below the top, and the opening at that part is closed up. The flame then gradually descends to the circle of holes, and its arrival there is announced by a very perceptible diminution of smoke and vapor. Another row of air-holes is then made at a distance of six or eight inches below the first row, which is closed up, and the same operation is repeated until the flame has been conducted to the lowest part of the pile, which generally happens in about a fortnight, when the whole is covered over and extinguished. Such pieces as are not completely charred are separated, and reserved as fuel for the next pile.

On the Continent there are several methods of preparing charcoal. In France the wood is cut in large fagots, and after having been well dried for some months, it is divided into brush-wood and small and large fagots. The last are cut into truncheons of three or four feet in length. The turf is then taken off a square or circular space, having a diameter of about fifteen feet, and the earth beaten until the surface becomes dry and solid. A stake is next fixed in the middle of the area, and some brush-wood laid on as a foundation for the remainder. A stratum of truncheons is then laid on the brush-wood, and the same alternations are repeated until the pile is completed to the height of about six feet, in the form of a truncated cone or pyramid. As soon as this is done, the whole surface of the pile is covered to the thickness of about two inches with dry earth, over which sods are very compactly laid, except at the base, where considerable spaces are left between them. The central stake is now withdrawn, and the cavity is filled with chips, which are lighted at the top. The whole of the chips become ignited, and after a considerable quantity of smoke has been poured out, a light flame rushes from the chimney in the centre of the pile, the aperture of which is immediately closed by laying a piece of turf over it.

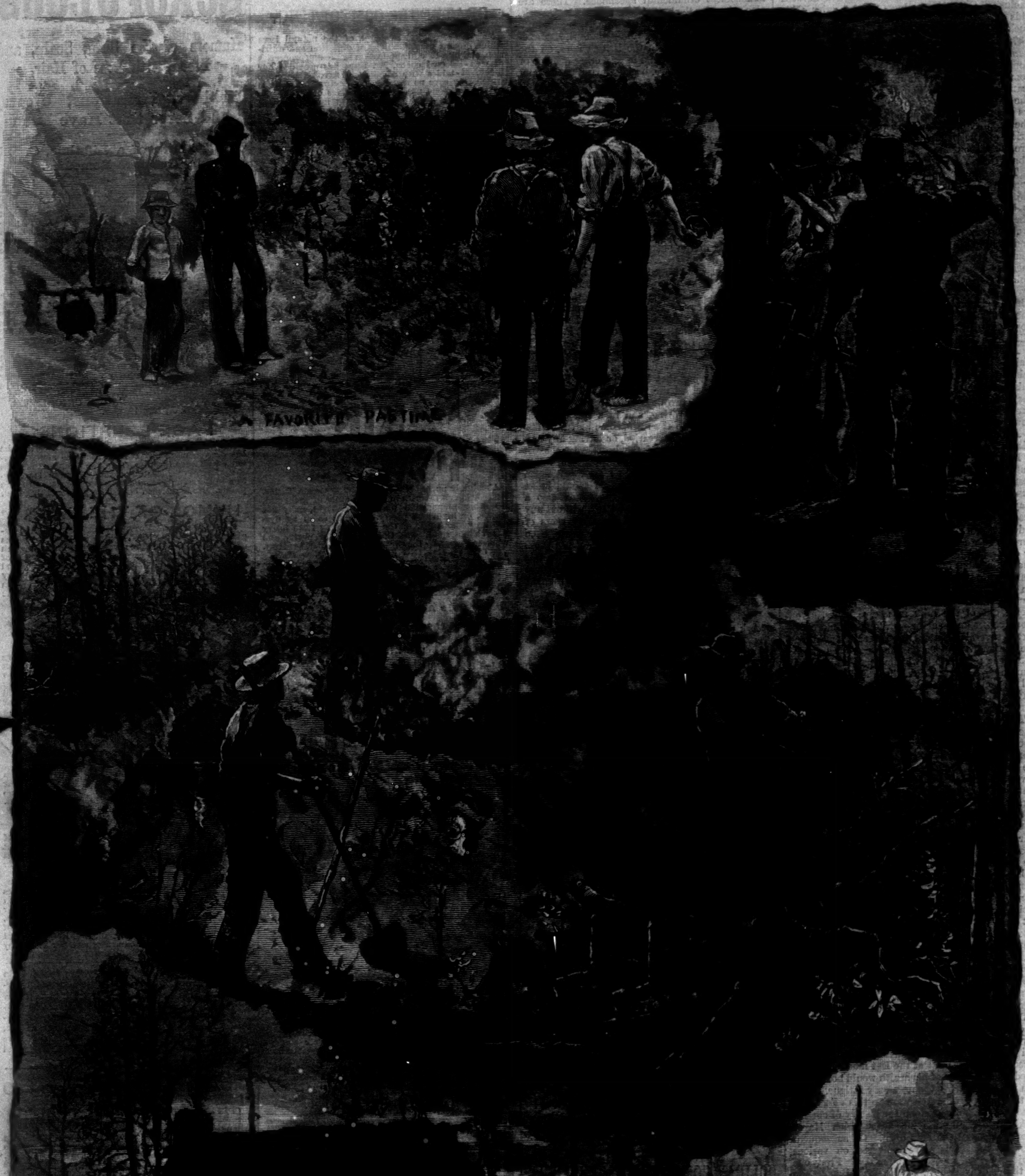
During the next ten or twelve hours considerable attention is necessary to prevent any mischief resulting from the sudden disengagement, and consequent combustion, of carburetted hydrogen, which takes place during that period of the manufacture. The explosion is announced by a rumbling noise, and seldom does any other injury than that of throwing off some portion of the covering, and through the opening thus formed flame and smoke issue. It is necessary to close up all such openings with a few spadefuls of dry earth. When the smoke decreases and the explosions have entirely ceased, the interstices between the sods at the lower part of the pile must be closed. At this stage little attention is required. The combustion gradually extends to the surface, and in about thirty or thirty-four hours after the process commenced the whole pile becomes a glowing mass. The wood is thoroughly charred, the whole is covered with dry earth, and in four or five days it may be taken down. The particular stage at which it is proper to do so is determined by making a small opening into the pile. If no flame appears, it is fit to be taken down; if it bursts forth, the aperture must be again closed, and allowed to remain so for another day.

Besides being employed as a fuel and as a reducing element in metallurgy, wood charcoal is applied to a variety of purposes. It is much used in the manufacture of filters, and as a medicine it may be administered in some cases of dyspepsia. On account of the resistance of charcoal to the action of water, stakes for wet soils, and the insides of casks, are charred previous to use. Charcoal is valuable as an absorbent of noxious effluvia, which it decomposes by bringing them into contact with condensed oxygen within its pores. Its absorbent power is greater than that of spongy platinum, but its efficacy as a promoter of chemical union is not so great. Dr. STENHOUSE has been able to unite the properties of charcoal and spongy platinum in what he calls platinized charcoal, which is made by boiling charcoal in a solution of platinic chloride, and then heating it to redness in a closed vessel. This preparation may be employed in ventilators and respirators, and on account of its oxidizing properties has been proposed for use as a mild caustic.

Besides wood charcoal there are other varieties, produced in different ways, and applied to various uses. Coal-gas charcoal, or gas-carbon, is a dense and pure kind of charcoal, of grayish-black color, which is deposited on the inside of gas-retorts. It is used for making the negative poles of BUNSEN'S batteries. Animal charcoal—largely employed as a decolorizing, deodorizing, and filtering agent—is prepared by igniting fresh and coarsely comminuted bones, which have been previously boiled to remove fat, in closed vessels of iron or earthenware. Peat charcoal is a useful variety, produced by the carbonization of peat in kilns or circular shafts of brick and iron work. The ignition is made to proceed from above downward. Peat may also be economically charred by means of the waste gas of smelting furnaces, or of heated gases produced by the combustion of wood. In Bohemia a muffle-like chamber, heated at the sides and end by peat fires, has been successfully employed, eight to ten cubic meters of charcoal being produced from twenty cubic meters of peat by the consumption of ten cubic meters of the same. According to STÖCKHARDT, 100 pounds of wood charcoal will by its combustion evaporate as much water as 113 pounds of peat charcoal. The use of charred peat in some metallurgical operations must depend upon the cost of its preparation. Its friability renders it unfit for the blast-furnace, but it is used to great advantage by blacksmiths. Hitherto it has not been employed on an extensive scale, the large amount of ash it produces (forty-five per cent.) being a great objection to its consumption.

Great care is required in the preparation of charcoal for the manufacture of gunpowder and other delicate chemical processes. Manufacturers select the stems of the willow, alder, dog wood, and some other trees, which they prepare with peculiar care. In most of the large manufactories the charcoal is prepared in iron vessels, by which means it is obtained in a state of considerable purity, and the other products are saved. As all charcoals contain minute portions of earthy and metallic substances, lamp-black is commonly used in nice metallic experiments. Lamp-black is obtained by the turpentine manufacturers from the combustion of the refuse of their operations in furnaces appropriated to that purpose. The soot deposits itself on the sacking which is hung up; it is swept off, and sold, for common use, without further preparation. The lamp-black in this state contains some oil, which is separated by being heated to redness in a close vessel.

DAIRY FAIR, NEW YORK.—From Sketches by Rogers and Davis.—[See Page 1010.]



CHARCOAL BURNING.—DRAWN BY S. G. McCUTCHEON.—[SEE PAGE 1007.]

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

A YEAR ago an industrial exhibition devoted exclusively to the products of the dairy, their aids and adjuncts, was a novelty among us; but such was the success of the first Dairy Fair, in 1878, that the association has become a permanent institution, and it is expected that it will continue to give annual exhibitions, conducted somewhat after the manner of those of the American Institute. The Fair at present going on at the Rink is not likely to be less successful than its predecessor, for ever since it has been opened the number of visitors has proved that the luxuries of the palate here brought to perfection are not without interest to hosts of people in and about New York.

The first glance into the main hall of the Rink suggests the thought that there are only two things in the world—butter and cheese. There is butter, butter everywhere, except where it is cheese. The domestic exhibits comprise butter from nearly every State in the Union, and the contributions of cheese range from the "smeer kase" of the Pennsylvania Dutch to fine specimens of cheese from Amsterdam, splendid Cheshire and Cheddar, and even the famous soft cream-cheese which the English prize so much. There is a temple of foreign cheese in the centre of the hall, and near it stands an obelisk of cheese, constructed after the model of the Egyptian obelisk now in course of removal to this country.

Another peculiar and interesting feature of the Fair is the "Dairy Cottage," which stands about midway in the north side of the main hall. In this dainty little building, a capital view of which may be had in our illustration on page 1008, pretty dairy-maids dispense milk "fresh from the cow" to thirsty applicants.

At the rear end of the main hall a great display of machinery is made by Messrs. WHITMAN & BURR, and here all the interesting processes of butter and cheese making are carried on for the instruction of the public. The only thing really new in the mechanical way, however, is, if we may trust dairy experts, the recently invented process of separating the cream from the milk. In old times the system was to put the milk in deep earthenware crocks, set it in a cool spring-house or cellar, and leave Nature to do the work, which she did in about forty-eight hours. Then a smart Yankee got up a way of putting the milk in broad tin pans in a refrigerator especially built for the purpose. The Yankee found he could get the cream out of the milk in twelve hours. Now along comes an inventor—or, to speak more correctly, several inventors, for several from abroad are understood to be on the way—who simply pours the milk into a whirling pan, which looks something like a turbine wheel, and by centrifugal motion the water and caseine are slung out, leaving the cream. It is all done within twenty minutes after the milk is drawn from the cow.

The display of cattle at the Fair is especially interesting to those who have a taste for fine stock. On each side of the main entrance in the front of the hall is a series of stalls, in which are exhibited some very fine milch cows that have been assigned to this place for the reason that the State law forbidding the bringing of New Jersey cattle within less than 300 feet of New York cattle, for fear of the spread of pleuro-pneumonia, will not permit them to be shown in the rear building where the other cows are placed. These cattle are considered in perfect health, but the law is inflexible. The cows on the right are Holsteins, twelve in number, large, fine-looking animals, black and white. The Holsteins have many good points, not the least of which is their docility, and they give great quantities of milk, but it is not so rich as that afforded by some others. A herd of Jerseys, nine cows and a bull, are on the left of the entrance, and attract admiration by their fine proportions. The small deer-like heads, slender delicately formed limbs, expressive liquid eyes, and bright bay color are points that the visitor does not need to be either a grazier or a dairyman to appreciate.

The opening exercises of the Fair, which took place on the evening of Monday, December 8, were extremely simple. Ex-Governor SEYMOUR had fully intended to be present, and had prepared an address; but at the last moment he decided that the state of his health would not justify him in encountering the necessary fatigue. After the reading of a telegram to this effect, Mr. THURBER made a speech on the history of cheese-making here and abroad, after which Mayor COOPER declared the Fair open. On subsequent evenings addresses were delivered on various subjects relating to rural industries. From one of these, delivered by Mr. ERASTUS BROOKS, on "Agriculture and its Relations to Commerce," we quote the following paragraph on account of the valuable statistics it contains: "Only one-tenth of the people of this State are landed proprietors. In 1875 there were 241,839 farms in the State, valued at $1,221,472,277, besides stock valued at $1,461,497,145. These farms provide work for 351,628 persons. The sales of their products in 1876 returned $121,188,467. The growth in agricultural and mechanical occupations has fairly kept pace with our increased population. Almost every season seems to open up some new country to American commerce. There is hardly a State of our vast Union which does not bear the richest treasures either upon the surface or just beneath it. Attractive as this great city is, mighty in its men and capital, its industry, thrift, and power, I can only regret that it is a city where there is always danger of moral decay. To the young men of this generation let me say that you make a sad mistake for your country, if not for yourselves, when you leave the green fields for the dirty and crowded streets of the city."

While the Fair continues there are meetings of dairymen every afternoon to discuss dairy topics, visitors being cordially invited. At its close premiums are to be presented for the best creamery butter, dairy butter, print butter, and foreign butter; for the best butter of any kind, and for the handsomest ornamental specimens. There are also prizes for the best cheese made in New York, Pennsylvania, New England, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Minnesota, and the Canadas, in the British Isles, on the continent of Europe, and in any other quarter of the globe. There are, besides, many special and conditional premiums offered by both English and American houses.

BROWN'S HOTEL, MACON, GA., *Sept.* 21, 1879.

Messrs. MORGAN & ALLEN, 59 John St., N. Y. City:

Dear Sirs,—In looking over HARPER'S WEEKLY paper, I saw the advertisement of your valuable medicine, "Constitution Water," and it occurred to me that it was my duty to add to your list of testimonials. For twelve months I suffered with inflammation of the kidneys and bladder; no rest at night—up ten or fifteen times; could not walk across the street without having palpitation of the heart, would have to sit down and rest before I could get back to the hotel. Last May I was obliged to give up my business, that of hotel-keeper. I was reduced in weight forty pounds. In August I made the trip by steamer to New York, thence by steamer to New London, Connecticut, where I arrived weak and very much debilitated. My brother, J. F. BROWN, President of Brown's Cotton Gin Company at New London, sent to the druggist's for a bottle of "Constitution Water," and insisted on my taking it, saying that he, and others he knew, had been troubled the same way. It seems incredible, but in two days I began to feel better, my appetite improving, and in a few days was able to walk up to the town, some half mile distant, without getting wearied, or having any fluttering or palpitation of the heart. In a short time I returned to New York—visited Coney Island, of course, and walked from the Wooden Pier to the Iron Pier, a distance I should judge of nearly one mile, through the sand; also a long distance through Central Park, without any inconvenience or distress. I am sixty years of age, have lived in Macon fifty-four years, been in the hotel business twenty-five years, and those who know me know that I would not give this testimonial unless it was due you, and to those suffering as I have suffered. Diseases similar to mine and other diseases your medicine is recommended for are very prevalent in the South.

Yours truly, E. E. BROWN.

Ask your druggist for it.—[*Com.*]

THE steam pipes, boilers, &c., in the buildings of the *New York Tribune*, *New York Herald*, and HARPER & BROS. are protected with H. W. Johns' Asbestos Boiler Coverings. H. W. Johns Manufacturing Company, No. 87 Maiden Lane, Sole Manufacturers of genuine Asbestos Liquid Paints, Roofing, &c.—[*Com.*]

To Publishers of Illustrated Magazines, etc.—Electrotypes of wood engravings of every description. New illustrations received weekly. Advertising space taken in part payment. Brown & Pulverman, 1238 Broadway, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

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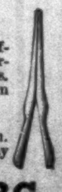

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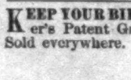

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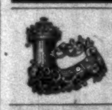

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Humors of the Skin, Scalp, and Blood, with Loss of Hair,

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The Torture of a Lifetime, Cured by Cuticura Remedies.

The CUTICURA cleanses, heals, and restores the pores of the skin to healthy activity, in which it is assisted by the CUTICURA SOAP, the most fragrant and refreshing toilet, bath, and nursery soap yet prepared. CUTICURA RESOLVENT purifies, nourishes, and strengthens the blood, expelling poisonous humors, whether inherited or contagious, and imparts tone and vigor to the stomach, liver, and kidneys.

SKIN HUMOR.

Messrs. WEEKS & POTTER.—*Gentlemen:* I feel it a duty I owe to the public to send you the following testimonial: I have been afflicted every year for 30 years, from fall to summer, with a skin disease, which has been extremely annoying. I have consulted the best physicians without relief. I considered myself incurable. But the testimonials of cures by the CUTICURA REMEDIES gave me hope. I purchased and used them faithfully according to directions, and have been fully cured, and feel entirely well. I consider your CUTICURA REMEDIES worth their weight in gold, and a blessing to the afflicted. Very respectfully,
FANNY CHICHESTER.
Bayonne, N. J., *May* 18, 1878.

FACE ERUPTIONS.

Edward C. Prescott, Albany, N. Y., writes that he has derived more benefit from four lots of the CUTICURA REMEDIES (costing $7) in the treatment of Skin Eruptions of the face, than obtained from the local doctors in three months, and desires the statement made public. He is satisfied he will be permanently cured.

HUMOR OF THE HANDS.

Messrs. WEEKS & POTTER.—*Gentlemen:* At the beginning of this year I had a skin disease on the palms of my hands, of more than seven years' duration, which showed itself by deep cracks, inflammation, excess of skin formation, and pain. I had consulted medical men without receiving any benefit. Early in January I, unexpectedly, received the CUTICURA from my son in St. Louis, U. S., which in an incredibly short time completely cured me. THOMAS BROWN,
124 Spotsland Road, Rochdale, Eng.
May 5, 1879.

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Messrs. WEEKS & POTTER.—*Gentlemen:* For five months my head and face were covered with Salt Rheum, from which I suffered greatly, and found no relief in any remedy or the treatment of the Navy Yard doctors, who very kindly did what they could for me. CUTICURA REMEDIES cured me in a few weeks, and I have since been perfectly well.
JAMES F. BURNETT,
Everett, Mass., formerly of Charlestown.
Feb. 11, 1879.

CHILD CURED.

Mrs. Wright, New Hamburg, N. Y., writes: I am most happy to be able to write and tell you my dear little girl's face is perfectly well. There is now no sign of the breaking out, for which I am very thankful.

A PHYSICIAN WRITES.

Having tested the healing or medicinal effects of your CUTICURA REMEDIES, I am already so confident of their REMARKABLE powers, that I am anxious that their application should be extended to a still larger field.

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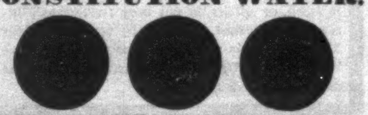

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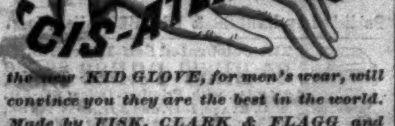

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